

# $\mathcal{B}^{(a)}$

## 18 TOP HIT TUNES



Including Love Me. Rock-A-Bye Your Baby. Rose and a Baby Ruth

Why pay up to 98¢ each for the current hit tunes? Save up to 81¢ each-over \$13.00 in this one offer. Every few weeks this amazing record package is brought up to date. old songs are dropped and the new smash hit tunes take their place. You will get the latest tunes that are at the top of the Hit Tune surveys this week recorded by our own well known orchestras and vocalists. Leve Me = The Banana Boat Song = Confidential = Rock.A-Bye Yaur Baby With A Dixie Melody = Bah Honer = Bort Kneck The Rock = Slev Walk = Anastasia = A Rose And A Baby Ruth = Friendly Persuasion = Since | Met You Baby = Monlight Cambler = Henky Tonk = Tonghi You Belong to Me = Singing the Bises = Gonna Get Along Without Yan Nowe. 



Starring 'KNUCKLES' O'TOOLE

The most exciting Honky Tonk Piano records ever made. Hear "Knuckles" at his open-front piano and his orchestra bring back to life the exciting hits of the gay nineties. Terrific party records, 26 hits in all. I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now • Shine On Harvest Moon • Ta-Ra-Ra Boom De Ay • In My Merry Oldsmobile • Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight • Harrigan • My Pony Boy • Crazy Otto Rag • Paper Doll • Peg O. My Heart • In The Good Did Summertime • Plus



Free Dance Lessons

triumph! Nothing else like it. Famous Charles Magnante, world's greatest accordionist, and his orchestra play the most terrific collection of polka music ever put together. Free dance instructions tell how to do the polka steps.

Beer Barrel Polka • Helen Polka • Too Fat Polka • Clarinet Polka • La Bella Teresa Polka • Jolly Peter Polka • Pretty Polka • Tic Toc Polka • Baruska Polka • Krakowiaki Polka • Plus 8 Mere.

# STHE INKSPO



Most of these Ink Spots hits sold up to a million records at 89¢ each. You save about \$13.00! Brand new, high fidelity recordings.

- f. If | Didn't
- I. If I Didn't
  Care
  2. Shanty in Old
  Shanty Town
  3. For Sentimental Reasons
  4. Don't Get
  Around Much
  Any More
  5 Do I Worry
  6. Paper Doll
  7. Maybe
- We Three 13. I Don't Want Someone's Rocking My Dreamboat Talk of The
- Talk of The Town Until The Real Thing Comes Alor Whispering
- World On Fire

  14. It's A Sin To Tell A Lie

  15. Rock N' Roll

  16. Rock Right

  17. Up The Lazy River

  18. Java Jive

## Special photo shows



how for the first time close-grooving process puts 6 to 8 tunes on one 78 RPM or 45 RPM record and 18 to 26 tunes on one 331/3 RPM record.

The record packages described on this page come on 3 Hi-Fidelity 78 RPM or Fidelity 78 RPM records or 1 Hi-Fidelity 331/4 RPM record... saving you up to \$15.00 on each packaged. each package! 

# Specia

TOP HIT TUNES OF 1956. True Love, JUST Walking in the Rain, Love Mc Tender, Blueberry Hill, Hey Jealous Lover, Cindy Oh Cindy, Green Door, Lay Down Your Arms, Petticoats of Portugal, Mama From the Train a Kiss, Long Before I Knew You, It Isn't Right, Know, Out of Sight Out of Mind, plus other hits. All 18 only 17¢ 8a.

MAHALIA JACKSON, 18 all-time favorites by one of the world's greatest gospel singers including I Believe, Get Away Jordan, Shall I Meet You Over Yonder. Only 17¢ each. All 18 only 17¢ ea.

15 ORGAN FAVORITES. World famous Lew White at the grand console organ plays golden, melodious all time hits including September Song, Deep Purple, Moonlight Madonna. All 15 only 20¢ ea.

COUNTRY & WESTERN HITS. A whole jamboree of 18 of the country's top hillbilly music performed by famous stars. Never before in 1 package!

All 18 only 17¢ ea.

LUSH INSTRUMENTALS. 20 of the most beautiful golden melodies of many of America's greatest orchestras. Songs include Autumn Leaves, Lisbon Antigua, April In Portugal, Poor People Of Paris, La Vie En Rose, Ebb Tide, plus 14 more. All 20 only 15¢ ea.

# 



I Need You, I Love You . Bl Right off the hit tune surveys come the greatest Rock n' Roll hit tunes of the year. Full orchestras and top vocalists. Believed to be the greatest Rock n

put together, 21 in all. Hound Dog • Hearthreak Hotel • I Want You, I Need
1 I Develope the Coult of the Cou



Roll record bargain ever

Starring Willie 'The Rock' Knox

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Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland • Shine On Harvest Moon • Let Me Call You Sweetheart • In The Shade Of The Old Apple Tree • A Bird in A Gilded Cage • Little Brown Jug • Sweet Adeline • Plus Ji More all time

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This is your chance to save up to \$15.00 on each of the exclusive close-grooved record pack-ages described above. Each ages described above. Each package comes on 3 High Fidelity 78 RPM or 45 RPM records or 1 High Fidelity 33% RPM record. If each tune were on separate records you would pay up to \$15.00 more! Order now from one of the country's largest record distributors. Millions of records sold. All records are High Fidelity. Play the records. If not delighted in every way, money back without question. Supplies of some question. Supplies of some packages limited. So mail coupon today!

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Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman only \$2.98 plus C.O.D. postage and handling charge on arrival. Money Back Guarantee.

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City	 Zone_	_State

W	18	Top Hits (With Late Ink Spots Hits Honky Tonk Hits	H9 🗍 18	Barber Shop Harmonie Top Tunes of 1956 Mahalia Jackson Hits
ì	H 21	Rock 'N Roll Hits	2H15	Organ Favoritos

F 18 Polka Hits V 18 Ragtime Piano Hits J 18 Country & Western BK 20 Lush Instrumentals EACH SET \$2.98. 3 SETS \$8.50. OVER 3 SETS ADD \$2.50 EACH.

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# ANITA EKBERG'S FAREWELL TO CHEESECAKE . . . 19 A FEATURE FOR MEN . . .

VOL. 1, NO. 1



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# I'd like to give this to my fellow men...

## while I am still able to help!

I was young once, as you may be—today I am older. Not too old to enjoy the fruits of my work, but older in the sense of being wiser. And once I was poor, desperately poor. Today almost any man can stretch his income to make ends meet. Today, there are few who hunger for bread and shelter. But in my youth I knew the pinch of poverty; the emptiness of hunger; the cold stare of the creditor who would not take excuses for money. Today, all that is past. And behind my city house, my

summer home, my Cadillacs, my Winterlong vacations and my sense of independence—behind all the wealth of cash and
deep inner satisfaction that I enjoy—there
is one simple secret. It is this secret that
I would like to impart to you. If you are
satisfied with a humdrum life of service
to another master, turn this page now—
read no more. If you are interested in a
fuller life, free from bosses, free from
worries, free from fears, read further.
This message may be meant for you.

#### By NED B. MASON

I am printing my message in a magazine. It may come to the attention of thousands of eyes. But of all those thousands, only a few will have the vision to understand. Many may read; but of a thousand only you may have the intuition, the sensitivity, to understand that what I am writing may be intended for you—may be the tide that shapes your destiny, which, taken at the crest, carries you to levels of independence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Don't misunderstand me. There is mysticism in this. I am not speaking of occult things; of innumerable laws of nature that will sweep you to success without effort on your part. That sort of talk is rubbish! And anyone who tries to tell you that you can think your way to riches without effort is a false friend. I am too much of a realist for that. And I hope you are.

I hope you are the kind of man—if you have read this far—who knows that anything worthwhile has to be earned! I hope you have learned that there is no reward without effort. If you have learned this, then you may be ready to take the next step in the development of your karma—you may be ready to learn and use the secret I have to impart.

#### I Have All The Money I Need

In my own life I have gone beyond the need of money. I have it. I have gone beyond the need of gain. I have two businesses that pay me an income well above any amount I have need for. And, in addition, I have the satisfaction—the deep satisfaction—of knowing that I have put more than three hundred other men in businesses of their own. Since I have no need for money, the greatest satisfaction I get from life, is sharing my secret of personal independence with others—seeing them achieve the same heights of happiness that have come into my own life.

Please don't misunderstand this statement. I am not a philanthropist. I believe that charity is something that no proud man will accept. I have never seen a man who was worth his salt who would accept \*losed by Professional Model something for nothing. I have never met a highly successful man whom the world respected who did not sacrifice something to gain his position. And, unless you are willing to make at least half the effort, I'm not interested in giving you a "leg up" to the achievement of your goal. Frankly, I'm going to charge you something for the secret I give you. Not a lot—but enough to make me believe that you are a little above the fellows who merely "wish" for success and are not willing to sacrifice something to get it.

## A Fascinating and Peculiar Business

I have a business that is peculiar one of my businesses. The unusual thing about it is that it is needed in every little community throughout this country. But it is a business that will never be invaded by the "big fellows". It has to be handled on a local basis. No giant octopus can ever gobble up the whole thing. No big combine is ever going to destroy it. It is essentially a "one man" business that can be operated without outside help. It is a business that is good summer and winter. It is a business that is growing each year. And, it is a business that can be started on an investment so small that it is within the reach of anyone who has a television set. But it has nothing to do with television.

This business has another peculiarity. It can be started at home in spare time. No risk to present job. No risk to present income. And no need to let anyone else know you are 'no your own'. It can be run as a spare time business for extra money. Or, as it grows to the point where it is paying more than your present salary, it can be expanded into a full time business—overnight. It can give you a sense of personal independence that will free you forever from the fear of lay-off, loss of job, depressions, or economic reverses.

#### Are You Mechanically Inclined?

While the operation of this business is partly automatic, it won't run itself. If you are to use it as a stepping stone to independence, you must be able to work with your hands, use such tools as hammer and screw driver, and enjoy getting into a pair of blue jeans and rolling up your sleeves. But two hours a day of manual work will keep your "factory" running 24 hours turn-

ing out a product that has a steady and ready sale in every community. A half dollar spent for raw materials can bring you six dollars in cash—six times a day.

In this message I'm not going to try to tell you the entire story. There is not enough space on this page. And, I am not going to ask you to spend a penny now to learn the secret. I'll send you all the information, free. If you are interested in becoming independent, in becoming your own boss, in knowing the sweet fruits of success as I know them, send me your name. That's all, Just your name. I won't ask you for a penny. I'll send you all the information about one of the most fascinating businesses you can imagine. With these facts, you will make your own investigation. You will check up on conditions in your neighborhood. You will weigh and analyze the whole proposition. Then, and then only, if you decide to take the next step, I'll allow you to invest \$15.00. And even then, if you decide that your fifteen dollars has been badly invested I'll return it to you. Don't hesitate to send your name. I have no salesmen. I will merely write you a long letter and send you complete facts about the business I have found to be so successful. After that, you make the decisions,

#### Does Happiness Hang on Your Decision?

Don't put this off. It may be a coincidence that you are reading these words right now, Or, it may be a matter that is more deeply connected with your destiny than either of us can say. There is only one thing certain: If you have read this far you are interested in the kind of independence I enjoy. And if that is true, then you must take the next step. No coupon on this advertisement. If you don't think enough of your future happiness and prosperity to write your name on a postcard and mail it to me, forget the whole thing. But if you think there is a destiny that shapes men's lives, send your name now. What I send you may convince you of the truth of this proverb. And what I send you will not cost a penny, now or at any other time.

> NED B. MASON 1512 Jarvis Avenue CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

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N THE COUPON BELOW! and I'll PROVE How EASILY You Can Have It ...

Almost Overnight

WHAT kind of body do YOU want? One with the kind of power-packed shoulders that make girls go "Ga-Ga" on the beach? Or sledge-hammer biceps that will make the toughest bully respect you! Or strong-as-steel stomach muscles; a slim waist? Just tell me WHERE you want it-and I'll add SOLID INCH-ES of muscle, FAST!

I don't care how old or how young you are-or what your present physical condition may be. Just check the "dream build" you've always wanted-right in the coupon below.

Then just give me 15 minutes a day of your spare time-in the privacy of your own room -and I'll give you exactly what you ask for: RESULTS you can see, feel, and measure with a tape!

#### WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION" - that's my secret! It's the NATURAL method that I myself developed to change my body from the miserable skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present "World's Most Perfectly Developed" body. Thousands have become marvelous physical specimens my way. I want YOU to be next!

No gadgets, no contraptions. You simply use the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body. Before you know it, you're a NEW MAN—full of red-blooded get-up-and-go—healthy and handsome!

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'Masquerade Party,'
nd "I've Got A Se-

"My arms in-









PS

# a Man?

Why Be Half

. . . when it's so easy to become a real HEMAN my natural way.
Most fellows spend all of their lives feeling only HALF ALIVE.
But you don't have to put up with that.
Give yourself honest answers to these important questions. portant questions.

- Overweight and Short of Breath?
- · Always Tired?
- e Nervous?
- Slow at Sports?
- Do You Want to Gain or Lose Weight?
- Are you ashamed of your HALF-MAN build?

I tell you what you can do about these HALF-ALIVE symptoms in my valuable PREE BOOK Pick the kind of body you want right in the coupon below. Mail it to me personally and I'll rush you my free Book at once!

Here's The Kind of Men | Build: Meet Hector Romero, a recent winner of one of my Atlas Trophies for the most im-provement in just 3 months.

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Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of

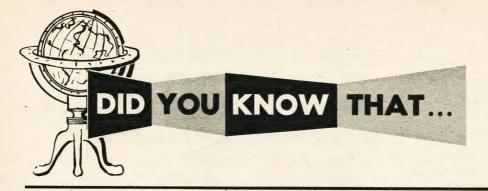
Body & Want: 1

- (Check as many as you like) More Weight - Solid in The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders Mare Powerful Arms and Grip
- Slimmer Waist and Hips ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

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If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A.



#### SAFETY FEATURE

If you're stalled on a railroad track with a flooded engine on a standard shift automobile, your battery can save your life. Just put the car in gear and hit the starter button repeatedly. This will make the auto buck at each contact, jerking you ahead just enough to carry you over the rails. But it's still better to put the car into a lower speed BEFORE moving onto the tracks.

#### JUST AN AVERAGE

The average American uses six pounds of salt a year; 160 pounds of beef; changes position while sleep-



ing about once each seven minutes; takes about seventeen breaths a minute; and uses about fourteen matches a day.

#### ISN'T THAT GUMMY

Chewing gum can come in handy in cleaning a freshly painted surface. If specks of dust get on fresh paint, you can remove them easily. Take a piece of gum. Let it warm for a few minutes, until it is good and soft, and then use it as a blotter to pick up the dust specks. Warning—Do not attempt to soften the gum by chewing!

#### CRIME DOESN'T PAY

It's not a rarity for a thief to regret his crime. More often than you think someone steals the most idiotic objects imaginable, or else chooses something that while it looks good is actually useless. Take

for example the person or persons who lifted a violin from a Dallas, Texas, church. According to church officials, the instrument is strung backwards, the D-string is knotted, the seams are bucking, the neck has been notched with a knife and parts fall out whenever the instrument is handled. Besides—the thief left the bow behind.

#### FINALLY

For thousands of years mankind has lived happily under the Biblical promise of a normal life-span of three score and ten. Well, we've finally made it. According to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, who should know if any one does, the insurance company's Industrial policyholders can now expect to reach their seventieth birthday.

#### LOVE CAN CONQUER ALL

In Merrie Old England when a girl falls in love she stays that way. How else can you explain the London girl whose fiance was arrested for robbing her mother and father. The lass promised, nevertheless to marry the lad just as soon as he got out of jail.

## NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER . . .

In Denver, Colorado, a 49-yearold woman hotel desk clerk hit an armed robber on the head with a



nightstick, made a direct hit on him with a vacuum bottle as he stepped back, rapped him on the fingers with the club when he made a last grab for the hotel's money, and explained to the police after he'd fled that "He made me mad with his brashness!"

#### LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

And an Idaho Falls, Idaho man, picking a name completely at random from the local telephone book,



to sign to a bogus check, found to his regret that the name he picked belonged to the county Prosecuting Attorney.

### TRAFFIC JAM-BUT GOOD

The Association of Casualty and Surety Companies has announced that if all the motor vehicles, registered in America were moving bumper to bumper, at one time, the line would stretch for more than 200,000 miles. This would be the same as having all the vehicles occupy a 70 lane highway between San Francisco and New York.

### GLUE ON THE SADDLE!

A Marissa, Illinois resident sprinkled the inside of his shoes with what he believed to be talcum powder. Later, when trying to take them off . . he discovered that he had used a dental powder, designed to keep false teeth permanently in place.

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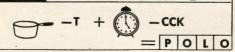


IS TO SOLVE!

This sample puzzle, as all our puzzles, has 3 clues to help you reach the answer. First, clues to help you reach the answer. First, or the property of the prope

SAMPLE PUZZLE

The Correct Answer Is ONE Of These Names of Fame! ☐ Marco Polo ☐ Betsy Ross ☐ Genghis Khan ☐ Frank Buck



### HERE IS YOUR FIRST PUZZLE!

Write Your Answer In Coupon Below (at right) Mail It NOW!



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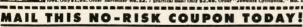
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The following series of scenes

were all cut by wary censors,

from motion pictures produced

in all corners of the world!

by Taggert D'Aubreville

PROBABLY THE TOUGHEST decision that every producer of Motion Pictures must face is, just where does the line exist beyond which he dare not go. That's not quite as easy as you might think. Because the standards on which scenes are judged change, not only from state to state and country to country, but also from year to year. In addition, what may be fully permissible in one situation, would be unthinkable in others.

Even the judgments on what ought to be shown, and what ought not, are subject to argument. For example: are we right in attempting to divorce movies completely from life? Is it humanly possible to shield people from sex? Is nudity pornographic? Are Americans so different from their European ancestors as to make it impossible to show the former what every one of the latter takes as a matter of course?

We have a whole variety of censorship organizations, some legal, some unofficial, who attempt to



From the film "One Summer of Happiness," a scene of young love in a first wild surge of emotion.

"O.K. Nero" was primarily a dream picture. Here the hero, dreaming of a Roman orgy, imagines the excitement.

set up standards for the public. Leaving out the lay bodies as beyond the interest of this article, we must still face such groups as the U.S. Customs, the Post Office, the State licensing Commissions and the various City and Town police heards.

the various City and Town police boards.

We, of MAN'S ADVENTURE, are against censorship, per se. We believe that the Public are the best judges of their own desires, tastes, likes, dislikes, needs and interests. We feel that if the public has a distaste for any subject or scene, the resulting "death at the box-office" will do more to bring recalcitrant producers into line than anything else. We believe that while "sexy" movies would unquestionably draw in large audiences at first, merely for the sake of the subject matter, the constant repetition would soon pall and sate the taste.

On these pages, we are showing you scenes from ten movies. All of them have been censored out of the films as they appeared on your screens. Most of them are of European origin, though at least one (page 13) is from an American production.

The question we are putting is not what the official guardians of Public Morals may have thought about them, but rather what you, the public, think about them?

Every single one of the European scenes was permitted on the screens of their own countries. All of them were considered normal, every-day descriptions of life in many other nations. And within those areas, none of the scenes, whether native or imported, were thought to be obscene.

Historians, their eyes on universal trends in both morality and social culture, have long commented on the Puritan outlook of the United States. They have proven conclusively, that we insist on a series



Another Swedish masterpiece, "The Naked Night," gives a picture of a violent embrace on a cabin floor.

In "The Mask of Korea," Erich von Stroheim appears as an actor. He chokes his love as he kisses her.





Zazu Pitts and Gibson Gowland in a scene from Erich von Stroheim's old time classic production, "Greed."

of standards for ourselves in public, that we make no pretense of obeying in private. We live under a series of conventions that all of us recognize as merely formal means of expressing the obvious.

Within our sacrosanct borders, the kiss is everything. Never, heaven preserve us, shall we show one iota more. Regardless of how the audience itselfmay behave, either in the theater itself, or afterwards, never shall we depict on the screen a like behavior. The kiss, and only the kiss is allowed.

Well then, let us stick to the kiss. On these pages we give you a fair sample of the methods by which the kiss is performed. More than likely, they are the ways in which you, yourself, kiss.

They range in passion from the utmost innocence, to outright violence; from debauchery to love's first dream; from tenderness to vicious cruelty. Yet all of them, the purest and most degraded alike, fell be-

fore the censor's shears. All of them were considered too hot, too obscene, too pornographic for the pure minds of our home-grown innocents.

Take the pictures on page 12, for example. One of them shows the first flame of young love. From the point of view of a Swedish audience, for whom it was made, it is as devoid of evil implications as a first kiss after a high school prom. The film, minus this and a very few other scenes was shown, profitably, in theaters across the face of the United States. The story line was obviously passable. On that basis, why make cuts? Is the nudity of this particular scene so horrible, so degrading, so loaded with lust as to inflame the passions of a normally healthy adult movie-goer?

The other illustration is a scene, cut from the motion picture "OK NERO." This light and frothy comedy, while no earth-shaker as movies go, was



The Italian motion picture, "The Sins of the Borgias," made an honest effort to show the period as it was.

Boy and girl relax together in the Swedish movie, "Monika." Only the position of the boy was censorable.

still a fun piece, aiming to entertain, to cause laughter and to instill a feeling of lightness, gaiety and jest. Every implication, every innuendo, every double-meaning was left in the movie. The viewer was allowed to let his imagination run riot. Everyone knew what was taking place, but they were not permitted to see the details. And, to be completely honest, isn't it true that the average mind can dream up far dirtier, far more lascivious scenes than any ever filmed for the movie screen?

Whenever the subject of movie censorship is discussed, someone always brings up the twin problems of the young, and the abnormal. They are there, folks are in the habit of saying, and we can't ignore them! Well, of course, nobody wants to ignore them. But does that mean that they should become the arbiters of our lives? Are we to be ruled by lunatics and children?

Possibly the answer may lie in a system of grading films for the audience, rather than outright cutting. A good part of the world follows that line quite-successfully. In that way, children could be screened out of the audience and adults could still enjoy adult entertainment.

As to the other category, the abnormals, we must say right from the beginning that they're not totally sane individuals. Since the average American is not nuts, there is little sense in forcing him to live under the same rules of conduct as an asylum! Naturally, the problem always exists as to just how far we ought to go. A line of good taste obviously exists. Where is it? How much of life, as it is lived is actually fit to be shown in public? Where does realism end and pornography begin?

These are legitimate questions and we are not trying to duck them. They've got to be faced.

Of course, from a purely theoretical point of view, all censorship is bad. Ideally, there is nothing that exists that ought to be hidden from the public eye. But that is only theory. There IS a point at which

the public taste is outraged, despite our natural inner desires for excitement.

As a first rule, and one that is usually used as a guide in almost all censorship: That which is performed in public by the average human being can safely be shown in public. The normal man and

Another scene from "Sins of the Borgias" displays the wild parties so common in the fifteenth century.

The German movie, "The Wedding March"
gives an example of the unnatural love, so common on the Continent.



woman do not exhibit their private passions in an open arena—therefor these more private displays should not be demonstrated on the screen.

Now this may be all right as a general rule, but it is equally apparent that as a specific guide, it doesn't work. Ordinary kisses are not normally performed in public. Neither are those moments leading up to more detailed sex. Yet these scenes are commonly shown on the screen. No one thinks twice about viewing performances explaining everything that goes before the clinical description. And even there, movies have been licensed, when all that was done to protect the viewer was to lift the camera away from the principal actors!

So we get a modification of the rule. Things may not be shown which are ordinarily not discussed or described in the mixed company of well-brought-up

ladies and gentlemen.



And that's where the trouble arises. Nobody can define, with any sort of preciseness, just what that standard is. It varies constantly, from group to group, from month to month, from fashion to fashion.

Thus we have the interpretation—if ordinary folks are not nudists, then nudism is bad. The human body must be evil, horrifying, pornographic etc., otherwise we would not mind showing it.

The identical arguments can be made regarding the kiss. People kiss in mundred different ways. With few exceptions, they are perfectly legitimate methods of expressing affection. Why then, can't they be shown, publicly?

MAN'S ADVENTURE believes that they can and should. We honestly feel that there isn't one iota of badness in any of these scenes. They are straightforward, honest, fair and ordinary presentations of the way ordinary people behave on ordinary oc-

casions.

Certainly the codes of censorship should be opened up a good deal more than they are at present. They should certainly not act according to preconceived attitudes of bias, or in conformity with a series of rigid rules that make absolutely no allowance for the various possibilities that a selection of situations may bring forth.

All we can do is keep on hoping that the censors, all of them, will gather more sense as they grow older. Ultimately, it's the public's responsibility. What they want, they're going to get, provided that they make their wants known. We certainly hope that they do tell their wishes. That's the method by which democracy operates.





Frederick Field worked a neat stunt to avoid conviction. But then he started boasting.

> green belt twisted about her neck. "We have a display sign in the front window. My electrician came here yesterday to repair it. He says he gave the keys to a prospective renter. We had to climb in through the rear window on New Compton Street."

The store was un-

kempt. Old newspapers were strewn all over the floors. The corpse had been found in the corridor

just off the main room.

A divisional surgeon made his preliminary ex-amination and said, "The girl has been dead about 122 hours. She was strangled by somebody's strong hands and then the twisted belt finished her off.

She's about 25 years old."

The Scotland Yard men noted that the dead girl wore snakeskin shoes; and dragmarks indicated she had been brought from the rear room, through the corridor to where the body was found. She was a little more than five feet tall, a peroxide blonde, and it was obvious that she had been quite pretty when alive.

"The belt around her neck is from her own coat," Cornish said after examining it. "She was doubtless attacked in the rear room and brought to the corridor where her body couldn't be seen from the out-

side. The autopsy will tell us more.

This officer was well acquainted with prostitutes' routine of using vacant stores for their love making. He knew that if this were the case here it would be difficult to trace any casual pickup she made on the street. He turned to Field and inquired about the prospective renter to whom he said he had given the key.

"I was working here repairing a sign," the electrician said, "when this stranger came in. He had a letter authorizing me to turn the key over to him."

Field gave a full description of the man, but said he hadn't taken down his name and address. "I should have made him give me a receipt for the key or at least kept the letter saying he could have the key," Field admitted, "but I was busy working and didn't think about it until later."

THE DEAD girl's fingerprints were sent to the Criminal Record Office along with photographs. The Missing Persons Bureau started checking her features with those of listed persons. Operatives from Scotland Yard checked the Piccadilly Circus neighborhood in an effort to identify her. Following slim leads, these famous detectives went as far as the dockyard town of Chatham and from there to the nearby town of Gillingham. They found that the girl had been known under several names but that her real name was Nora Upchurch. Her father, located in a remote part of London, said she had run away from home when she was 16. "I haven't seen her for two years," he said when told about the untimely death. "I don't know whether she was married or not."

Acquaintances of the dead girl said she had lived

in Chatham, Gillingham and London.

"She claimed she was engaged to a sailor named Bruce Talbot," one of the other girls who hung around the West End cafes told a detective. "She was different from other girls. She liked music and poetry and stuff like that.

The slain girl's father made a formal identification at the inquest, but no clues as to who might

have killed her came out at that time.

Scotland Yard reasoned that Nora Upchurch was killed by one of two persons: the man Field gave the key to or somebody she took into the vacant store herself.

The electrician went through hundreds of photographs at the Identification Bureau in a vain attempt to find the man with the key. The girl's flat was searched for a handbag since none was found at the scene of the crime. When the investigators met with no success they concluded Nora Upchurch was murdered by someone whom she thought was going to buy her charms.

A locksmith came forward and told about a man who had come to him to have several duplicate keys made. "He got the original from a cafe owner down the street," this witness stated. "I didn't think anything about it because I know streetwalkers use

those places.'

While the Yard men checked on this lead a man was brought in who answered the description Frederick Field had given of the stranger he'd given the key to. "He's the one," the electrician said. But a thorough check-up on the suspect's alibi showed that he wasn't even in London on the night of the murder.

The cafe owner and the man who had duplicate keys to neighborhood places made were questioned. It took a lot of explaining on their part, but they were cleared of all suspicion.

Bruce Talbot, the sailor boy friend, was brought

"I'm stationed at Chatham," he said. "And I did come to London to see Nora about a week ago. I don't like to say this, but I'd become suspicious of Nora. We were engaged and I thought she was lying to me about the way she made her living. She claimed she was a waitress. I'd seen a man's hat and gloves in her flat and I came back to try to check on just what she was doing. I watched her place from across the street but didn't see any-

Talbot accounted for every minute of his time when the murder was committed. Scotland Yard

released the disillusioned young sailor.

Since Frederick Field had made a wrong identification and no other suspect fitting the description he furnished had been turned up, Superintendent Cornish concentrated on the electrician himself. Field had owed some money before the crime and had paid the debt shortly afterward. He was the one man known to have a key to the vacant store. The evidence was circumstantial, but it was all the Yard men had.

A jury hearing this evidence failed to indict Frederick Field for the murder of Nora Upchurch. Their verdict "Willful murder by (Continued on page 42)





Farewell to Cheesecake continued

One fine day last November Annta Ekberg, acties, and model extraordinary announced to a sad and startled world that she was through with cheesceake forever Luckily MAN'S ADVENTURE had star photographer right on the lob As Annta, in celebration of her shattering protouncement interally danced with joy the final films of farewell was eternally recorded on film it will doubtless be preserved forever as an object lesson for future generations a sample of all that they missed by being born too late.

forever as an object lesson for future generations a sample of all that they missed by being born too late.

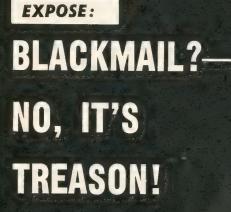
But as it must to all oright stars of the female firmament stardom has now come to the fuscious Antie. With a superbutiumph in 'War and Peace' behind her with a home and husband before her Antia anow in a position to call her own shots.

Nevertheless, it is the regret of all of us that we must be satisfied with only this rearious enjoyment of the punited page. How much better to have been there in person!



One last, frenetic fling, before Anita finally fades away!





by Alfred Whistler

The communists have invented a neat little trap, designed to make our GI's pay with their lives for a moment of weakness!

Danny wright was bored. For over two years he had been hanging around Germany, a part of the American Army. For most of that time he had tried awfully hard to act the part of a decent, young American. And for all of that time he had grown steadily more depressed.

Twenty-four months are not as short as they may seem, to a busy, contented citizen, at home among his friends. Alone, in a foreign land, with nothing but the most routine training to occupy the daylight hours, they can seem like twenty-four centuries. After all, how many movies, how much cards, how many sight-seeing tours can one man take? How often can he sit quietly in a barracks listening to his pals boast of their conquests, of their adventures, of their general hell-raising, without a

Finally Danny decided that he had been a damn fool. Inside him, the pressures had built up to an absolute boiling point.

He was in Berlin, at the time. And Berlin is a city, known the world over as a place where anything goes. You name it and Berlin has it-for a

And there was a girl, a lovely girl. Danny had always heard that pickups were the easiest things in the world to arrange in the occupied city, but still

. . . this girl seemed different. She was so sweet, so carefree, so much the ordinary young thing, reminiscent of home. She needed money, she told him! Well, he'd expected that. This was a city that had gone through hell, and everything cost money . . .

Danny was more than willing to pay. This was no run of the mill girl of the street. This was something extra, something very, very special. And it was his . . . for tonight! His to own! His chance to forget, if only for a few happy hours.

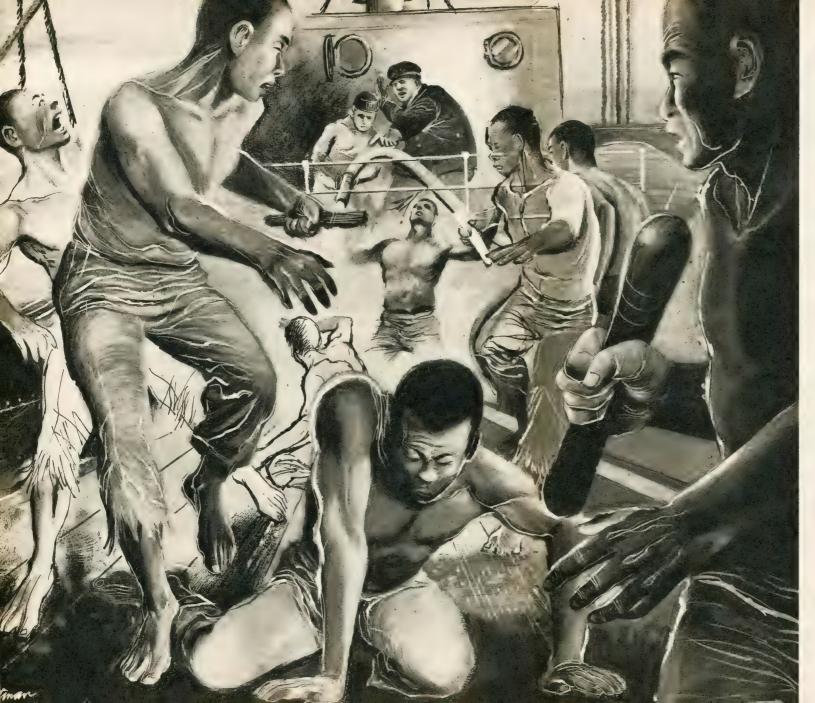
She took him to a fine neighborhood, to a wellfurnished apartment. She gave him whiskey to drink, real whiskey, good and strong, the kind of stuff you buy for \$7.50 a fifth and up. There was music, and the air was filled with strong aromatic large measure of discontent entering into his heart scents. The enchantment grew on Danny. His ardor increased beyond bounds.

We could draw a discreet curtain about the events that followed. They have a ring so familiar as to make further comment almost unnecessary . . . ex-

A few months later Danny returned to the States, his military service a thing of the past. He settled down, got a job and married. He had a son, warm, small and full of the zest for living known only to brand new babies.

Then, one day, as Danny (Continued on page 59)





When 600 howling maniacs try to seize a ship, all you can do is fight back . . . and pray!

The China Sea Ran Red.... ...with BLOOD

by Captain Klaas A. Vlick as told to August G. Lockwood

Our only weapons were four old fashioned rifles and one revolver.

In the foreship we had 600 murderers, thieves and opium addicts who were being deported to China because they were too tough for the prison camps of Sumatra.

We expected trouble . . . and we got it . . . a mutiny so savage in its violence that it changed the history of China Sea shipping. Because we almost lost our ship-and our lives-the Netherlands East Indies government ordered well-armed Ambonese guards aboard ships of the Koninklijke Paketvaart-Maatschappij, the famed KPM Line, whenever we sailed the China Run.

The stage was set for the mutiny aboard the SS Van Cloon when we sailed to Belawan Deli on the northeast coast of Sumatra where 600 convicts awaited deportation to China. In addition, the Van

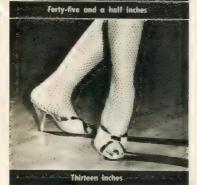
awaited deportation to China. In addition, the Van Cloon carried 900 deck passengers, 14 officers and 88 Chinese deckhands, firemen and stewards. Her captain was Frits Schlette, a roly-poly, greyhaired dandy who was strict but fair, a tough captain. He spent much time each morning shaving and then, powdered and smelling strongly of face lotion, he roamed the ship on the lookout for the mitches of junion officers. mistakes of junior officers.

The Chief, Anton Lagerway, was short and wiry, an ash blond with the temper of a redhead. Hans Corten, the second officer, was a burly, bear-like man with flaring black moustache. He was a humorous, easy-going fellow with great strength matched by great patience (Continued on page 53)





FOITY INCRES





Lovely and tempting!

Twelve and a half inches

# The Care and Handling of MY TREASURE CHEST

by Evelyn West

I was quite surprised, frankly, when the editor asked that I write an article about my bosom. Of what possible interest, I wanted to know, would it be to male readers to read about that part of my anatomy I call my Treasure Chest?

The editor assured me we could scare up three or four red blooded men who might be interested.

Inasmuch as I've always been a sucker for red blooded men, I agreed.

I was fifteen years old, and not long out of pigtails, when I became aware of the fact that Mr. Dior would never hire me to model The Flat Look. Unless, of course, you think a 36 inch bust is flat.

This, curiously, did not depress me. Rather, it filled me with one overwhelming ambition: to pass the forty inch mark. I had, you see, become aware of one other fact: that just as men rarely make passes at girls who wear glasses, it is also true that attentions are arrested by ladies full-chested.

How, though, was I to go about improving a situation that Mother Nature mightn't have wanted improved?

Nother Nature mightn't have wanted improved?

I stumbled upon the answer—quite by accident. The solution

accident. The solution came in the form of pig rind.

Ever hear of cracklin's? They're the crisp brown rind of deep

ried pork. Well, I took a liking to them, starting eating them every day, and in less time than it takes to butcher a pen of pigs, I was putting up the biggest front in my home state. (Oh, maybe I am overdoing that time span, but you get the idea.)

There are, of course, several ways in which your wife or

There are, of course, several ways in which your wife or sweetie can develop what need developing. Some girls believe in chin bar exercises. Some swear by deep breathing. Others resort to prayerful wishes, Channel swimming and (poor souls) falsies. I won't tell any girl how to be true to her own self. All I know is that I have gained nine-and-a-half inches of superstructure I wouldn't otherwise have had, if I hadn't been munching my cracklin's.

I might add that I still munch them, but now strictly because I love 'em. You might decide whether or not I still need them for development purposes by referring once again to the photographs at the right.

It's probably no great secret that my abundant topdeck has contributed to my steady employment in theatres, burlesque houses and night clubs throughout the country. I am a singer, an actress and dancer, yes—but let's face it, honeys: that area between my neck and navel has not been a professional drawback. When I dine with a gentleman who has been watching my act (perhaps you haven't heard, by the way, that I'm not only unmarried but am not made angry by the more attractive members of your sex who ask me to dine), (Continued on page 44)



THERE is hardly a sportsman alive in the world, who does not thrill at the prospect of hunting the wild ass. The excitement of the chase, the ardor of the pursuit, and the tremendous, enjoyable feeling of inner satisfaction when the game is finally seized, is more than enough to bring a quiet smile of anticipation to his face.

The Chileans have long been noted as hunters. They love the game. American devotees would do well to give serious study to their undoubtedly excellent technique.

Note (see picture on left) how delicately, yet how firmly the prey is grasped. Note how speed is essential. Note how efficiently the modern automobile figures in the chase. Note, too, how much the animal appears to enjoy being taken, how contented it is, in captivity.

We are well aware how plentiful the wild ass is in the nation on the opposite tip of our hemisphere. Yet do not despair. With modern aviation schedules, Chile is much nearer than you think. Go there, by all means. It's worth it. Then you too can be a successful hunter.

After capture, the animals are amenable. They are left free to roam and never try escape.

# HUNTING THE WILD ASS

In South America, hunters race their prey in motor cars!



In the hunt, the wild animals must first be separated from the herd. Then, after the prey has been cut out, the long hunt begins, with a chase over the flat pampas.

TURN PAGE







#### by Bryce Walton

T WAS EERIE as hell. The shadows turning kind of gray and the thick vapor coming in off the rotten, green-scummed jungle river. And that crazy. high-pitched Nip calling across the water.
"You ready now die? You ready now die, Ma-

And then from a little way down stream that other one. The one dripping hate.

"Rikusentai! Rikusentai . . ."

The kid replacement from K Company who had never seen combat before, the kid I think was named Ernie Thomas, had asked me about that a couple of hours before. "What's that, Sarge? What's

"That's the Jap word for Marine, Private," I said. And Corporal Bonin, looking like a big bleeding hippo laughing and elaborating a little just to make the scared kid feel a little better. "That's their word for Marine, honey chile," he said and watched Private Ernie trying not to chew away what was left of his fingers. "Christ, do these Nips hate Marines!"

"Rikusentai," the bitter whisper came again, fil-tering through the leaves and thick vines and hiss-

ing in the vapor.

"They sure hate Marines," Bonin said again. Bonin the bully boy, grinning, his fat body shifting in the muck as he moved his Browning automatic and sighted at something he couldn't see. "They'll give an Army boy a break. But Christ what they do to a poor wounded dogface. Like with Connell, Remember what they did with Connell, Sarge?"

Ernie's mouth was turning white around the rim, "Well, they run wire between his jaw muscles and pull his head back and get the wire around his feet and then they-

Bonin was laughing as Ernie crawled off a little way and started urping his guts out, all over again.

Bonin had been torturing the kid all the way since our patrol had left the regimental CP toward Death Valley to blow up the am-tracs. But I didn't

care about that as long as they didn't interfere with the purpose of the patrol. All I cared about was blowing up those am-tracs. I couldn't afford to let myself feel or think about anything else.
Right now all I was worried about was sucking

those Nips in across the river so we could chop them out of the way so we could go on.

"Rikusentai," the whisper came again.
"You ready now die, Marine?"

I figured there were ten, maybe fifteen, Nips over there, and I wanted to wait it out and suck them in so we could move on toward the Valley. This Nip party didn't know why we were there. They prob-

party didn't know why we were there. They probably figured we were stragglers left behind when K and E Companies had pulled back.

The Amphibian Tractor Battalion had abandoned three am-tracs and we'd been sent back in there to blow the alligators up. The six-by-six trucks usually used to haul in supplies couldn't cut the mud, so they'd used am-tracs to haul in ammo and 100 octane gas. Another Nip party over the ridge was heading for those am-tracs too, but not to blow them up. They wanted the ammo and the high octane gas to get some tanks and planes moving again on the Moya airstrip. We (Continued on page 48)

> "YOU DON'T COUNT FOR A DAMN"

When you're a US Marine and there's a job to

be done, you do it—and don't count the cost!



I'v COMMON WITH most young men, there was a time not so long ago, when I was fairly firm in my belief that the girl I'd eventually marry would be, of necessity, a virgin. Even though I used to talk big, and make the normally wild statements about women that the average fellow utters when in the company of his friends, down inside, where all of us live secretly with ourselves, I just knew that MY girl would be sweet, pure and innocent.

I don't know why I felt that way. Possibly it was the result of my upbringing that made me believe as a fundamental truth, that girls were good little semi-angels, who wore white dresses, acted like ladies, and never, never never did anything bad. It seemed to me that while other women might run wild, have fun, live life to the hilt and play along with me in any of my rawer moods, my girl never would!

Silly, isn't it? As if human beings can be safely sorted out and put into neat little categories! As if it were possible for so many young men to enjoy a sex adventure, without an equally large number of girls to share it with them.

Now this isn't any great revelation that came to me suddenly. Nor is it the result of my falling deeply in love with a girl who's not a virgin, and then making the best of a situation about which I can do absolutely nothing. I'm not particularly in love with anyone, nor am I, or have I been engaged. I'm m plain, ordinary happy-go-lucky fellow, of 27 years, who has gradually come to the conclusion that a lot of stuff I picked up over the years is plain, unvarnished rot.

I might as well start by saying that even were I to become engaged to a girl who was virginal, she would not be in that condition by the time we reached the altar. No-I'm not planning a coldblooded, evil seduction. It's simply that in the process of loving, in the period of courtship, in the whole complicated business of getting to know one another, in the regular preparation for marriage, a sexual compatability would undoubtedly be estab-

This is no advocacy for the theory of trial marriage. It's a plain fact. It takes into consideration the experiences of millions of other couples, for, while it's true that there are a large minority who do approach their legal union in a state of purity, the odds are in favor of the fact that you yourself, if you are married now, also had some relationship with your present mate prior to the marriage day.

As I say, it's a fact. Statistics bear me out, And I make no bones about admitting that I don't consider myself to be any better in character than you are. I'm no saint. I'm a normal young man with the most normal urges in the universe.

Just take a look at some of the figures. According to tabulations, worked out with the same care as those scientific samples used in market testing our biggest commercial products, it was discovered that 61% of all American women are non-virgin at the time of their marriage. It was further demonstrated that 32%, that is more than half the non-virginal total, had had relationships with men other than the one with whom they were mated.

Despite the fact that only 39% of all women were virgins at marriage, this smaller group accounted for 58% of all divorces and 64% of all separations.

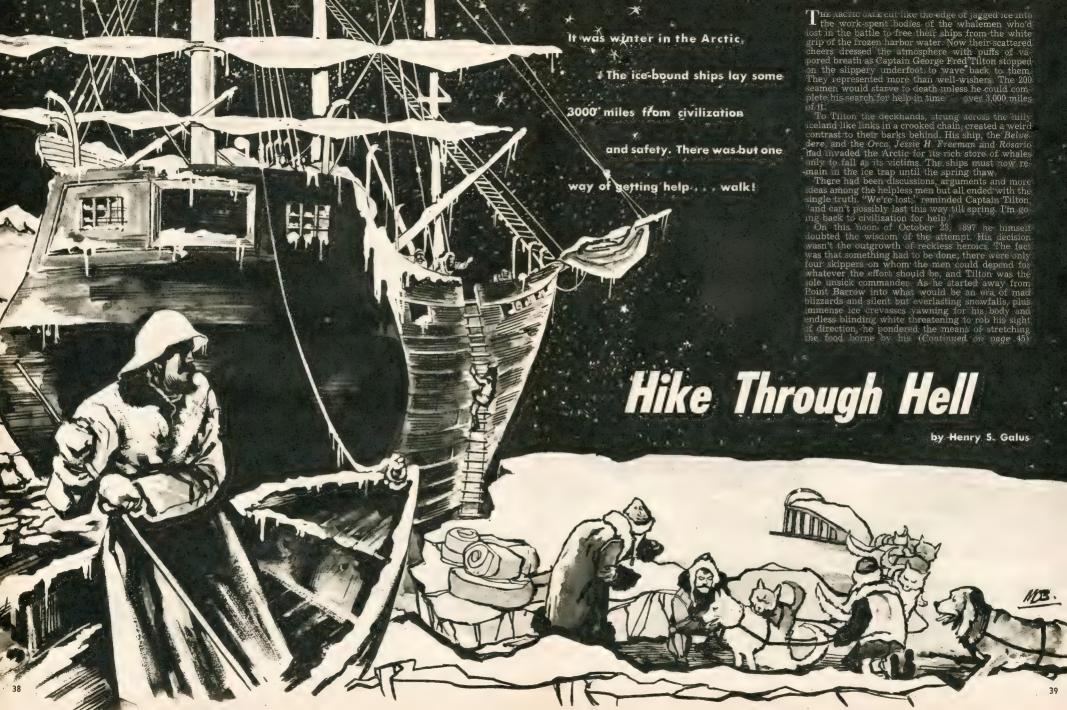
A similar investigation accomplished in England. the nation with a morality closest to ours, showed that better than 70% of women were non-virgin at marriage. Yet the British have the world's lowest divorce rate. And lest you think that it is merely a matter of the stringency of British divorce law, it was found that among American soldiers, who married during the war in England, only 9% resulted in divorce. And further, 6.2% were caused by the bride's homesickness and inability to adjust to the American way of life. Of those who did adjust, less than three percent found divorce necessary.

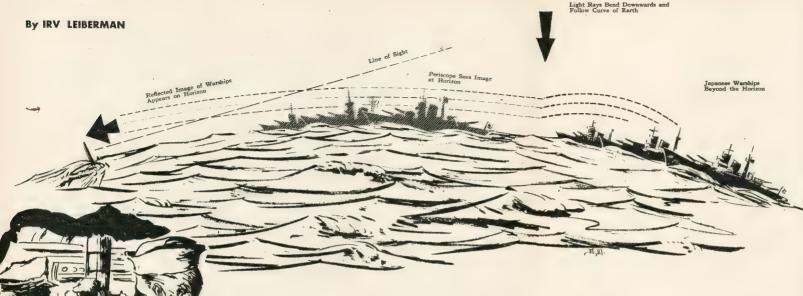
But even all of this is almost beside the point. According to those same statistics, the very chances of my becoming engaged to a virgin are not great. There aren't that many virgins around, and with every passing year, every time I meet and date girls in my own age group, the odds against meeting such a girl grow larger and larger. These are not Puritan times. Today girls play around as much as fellows do. They experiment, they test and they try. They get into situations, offering sexual temptations, and year by year they resist them less, till at last, feeling like complete fools for having resisted so long, they give in. And who is to blame them? Certainly not I. In common with all men, I am constantly attempting to convince them to do just that.

I haven't lived celibately. I've had my share of fun and frolic, and it's been a good many years since I last had to pay my hard earned cash for the favors I seek. My amateur companions have all been what I'd call, nice girls. And, I've never thought a whit less of any of them for what they did with me-and by the (Continued on page 62)

MARRY A VIRGIN

by Edward R. Masburgh





Visions That

NE DAY, a number of years ago, Major Frederick L. Martin took off from an Alaskan airfield. Soon after he had gained altitude, he discovered he had maneuvered into an area of sharp peaks. When he tried to escape the mountains on his left, he faced a treacherous crag head-on. Again he swerved quickly. But the wall was still there. Suddenly there was a crash. And the plane plummeted to the

Fortunately, Martin survived. But the story he told sent shivers up the spines of veteran airmen throughout the world.

Actually, he said, the rocks were not there at all. A mirage had moved them thousands of feet to the

That officer was only one of thousands of mirage victims. For centuries, realistic optical illusionsnot hallucinations-have hoodwinked men on land and sea

Another airman plagued by mirages was Charles A. Lindbergh. On his famous nonstop flight to Paris, he was surprised to see Irish mountains and valleys unfolding beneath him, hours before he could possibly have sighted shore. Only by holding to his course, did he thwart the potentially deadly results of the optical illusion.

More often, however, mirages cause no more discomfort than red faces. One particular Arctic mirage baffled two distinguished scientific expedi-

tions for almost a century, and cost the American Museum of Natural History some \$300,000.

BRITISH PARTY headed by Sir John Ross in 1818 A first reported a new mountain range north of Baffin Land. But they couldn't penetrate the icy wastes to explore it. Later, in 1906, Admiral Robert Peary sighted a similar range and named it "Crocker Land.

Seven years later, the Museum of Natural History outfitted a costly expedition headed by Commander Donald B. MacMillan to map "Crocker Land."

MacMillan soon discovered how elusive Pearv's "white summits of a distant land" really were. Charts were useless, the expedition was plagued by bad weather, and his ship eventually became locked in the floes. But MacMillan took off on foot with a crew of surveyors. The farther they walked, the farther the mountains retreated. Days later, the team admitted defeat. Observation had proved conclusively that no such place as "Crocker Land" existed.

The realistic details of phantoms created by mirages can be terrifying. One woman tells of having her boat nearly run down in Long Island Sound by what she and her husband thought was a monster ship. It was about five o'clock on a still, shimmery afternoon

upon us from behind," the woman related. "My husband swung the wheel hard over, heading full speed for the rocky shallows where this monster could not follow to swamp us with her swell. For perhaps ten minutes the vessel came toward us; she was now so close that we could make out the shadow of the man at her wheel. Then as suddenly as she had appeared, our Leviathan vanished, and a small, quite ordinary cruiser appeared on the horizon be-

A camper in Utah tells of another prank by a mirage. He had been looking through his field glasses, and just as he lowered them a grizzly bear walked toward him.

"As it suddenly rose up, I yelled. It nearly fell over backward and retreated in a rushing gallop. Then the mirage fell to nothing. There was a cliff, but no bear. Behind the farthest end of the cliff I found fresh grizzly tracks. The mirage had bent the light rays round the corner, as it were," he con-

HE MIRAGE, THEN, is not confined to the desert or to the sea. It occurs whenever circumstances are propitious and wherever the temperature of the air causes objects to be distorted and displaced. And always the solid objects it mirrors are not illusory but real.

They have, in fact, played their role in the fortunes of war. There was the case in World War II of the submarine which had left its base on a routine davtime patrol. The Pacific sun beat down fiercely. As the vessel moved leisurely through the water, crewmen stripped to the waist and relaxed on its narrow deck.

Intelligence had reported no important Japanese ships any closer than Formosa Strait, several hundred miles north. Orders for this day in 1944 were to cover outlying waters where an occasional Nipponese supply tender might be stationed. Thus far, radar had picked up nothing; the submarine had cruised on the surface all day.

Suddenly a sailor pointed, "Look there! It looks like the whole Jap fleet!"

Another sailor rushed to the conning tower hatch and yelled, "Lieutenant, target ahead!"

When the officer clambered onto deck, he stared in surprise. About 15 miles distant, a convoy was steaming across the horizon! Quickly he ordered all hands below.

"There's nothing on the radar screen," a technician reported.

"There must be," the lieutenant retorted. "I saw the ships myself!" Within minutes the submarine was under water, moving toward its target, and the navigator carefully plotted an attack course.

"We're not getting any closer," the lieutenant grumbled after half an hour. "You're sure we're on course?" The navigator nodded.

For two hours the submarine chased its elusive target. Finally, in desperation, it surfaced. The convoy was gone. It had vanished into thin air.

Back at base that evening, the lieutenant asked intelligence officers about the phantom convoy. One officer consulted some papers.

"There was a convoy today," he admitted, "but you couldn't have seen it. It was our convoy-but it was 100 miles from your sector!"

The lieutenant learned that he had been a victim "Suddenly I saw a gigantic vessel rushing down of nature's most puzzling hoax—the mirage.

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## DEATH IN A RENTED ROOM

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18)

some person or persons unknown."
Scotland Yard had failed to get its

Almost two years passed. Several prostitutes were killed under similar circumstances, but the cases remained unsolved. As Supt. Cornish explained, "Murders committed by persons who have no previous contact with the victim are the hardest to solve."

In July, 1933, Frederick Field walked into Yard Headquarters with a newspaper reporter and said, "I killed Nora Upchurch. I'm here to confess it."

Divisional Detective Inspector John Collins heard him out. The prisoner appeared in the Bow Street police court the following day and the case was remanded for a week while the prosecution prepared its case for trial.

Field was brought to trial on August 10th in Old Bailey. His statement was read and the evidence presented. Details of the finding of the body were gone over. But when the accused man took the stand he completely repudiated his former confession and said, "I did not kill Nora Upchurch."

Questioning by his own attorney brought out that Field had deliberately confessed so that he could be brought to trial and his name cleared. "The finger of scorn and suspicion has been pointed my way since that girl died," he said, with the mock gallantry of an outraged citizen. "I want to clear my name."

The Crown was quite sure they had the right man, but the evidence, aside from the confession which had now been repudiated, was no more complete than it had been two years previously. The judge, in his instructions to the jury, advised them to find the defendant not guilty because of this. They carried through his instructions. Frederick Field left the court a free man. No court could ever try him again for the Upchurch murder.

It came out later that he had gone to a newspaper, tried to sell his confession, and when he was turned down by the editor accompanied a reporter to headquarters where he talked.

After the acquittal Field attempted to sell his story to another paper, saying he had been tried and found innocent but that he was guilty of the Upchurch murder. They made a deal with him and printed the story.

Part of the confession read, "I killed Nora Upchurch in the vacant store in Shaftesbury Avenue. I first met her eight months before I finally murdered her. She was a pretty girl and I met her on the street. She smiled at me and I smiled back. She took my arm and asked where I was

going. I had been working on a sign in a furnished flat in the West' End and had the keys. I suggested we go there. She agreed. We spent quite a little time there and had fun. We met again on the street a week later. She stopped me and said she didn't think my boss would like what had happened in that flat. I asked her what her name was and then I gave her half a quid not to tell."

The confession went on to say the streetwalker had found out Field was married and threatened to tell his wife if he didn't come through with more money. These pay-offs were supposed to have taken place for several months. Field couldn't stand the incessant demands for continuous blackmail payments.

"I went looking for her one night," he said, "and took her to that vacant store and strangled her. She got what she deserved."

He knew he was safe because he'd been tried for that crime once. The paper that bought the confession was afraid to print it. But Frederick Field broadcast the story in every bar he entered. "I made monkeys out of that bunch at Scotland Yard," he boasted. "They had me dead to rights and I outwitted them. I killed that girl, confessed and still I'm free."

Scotland Yard and Inspector Cornish said nothing. But they watched and waited with the infinite patience that has become such a legendary part of their operational procedure. They had made their mistake. Now is was Field's turn, and they knew with absolute certainty that sooner or later he too would err. Time was definitely on their side.

Many people listened to the weird story, but Field's ego had been bolstered so much that he gave way to violent outbursts of temper. Even his wife and child suffered from his new super-ego.

MEANWHILE, several other London streetwalkers were killed. Most of these cases remained unsolved, but if Frederick Field had anything to do with them he covered his tracks well. Then he joined the air force as an aircraftsman and was stationed at the depot at Hendon. He was AWOL on March 27th, 1936, and told a girl he stayed with that his name was going to be in the newspapers again, because he had done something. "You'll find out what it is soon enough," he said gaily and boastfully.

Detectives picked Field up as a deserter from the air force and returned him to Hendon for court martial. To the corporal in the guardroom he said, "I haven't seen a newspaper, but I can tell you there's been some trouble at Edgeley Road."

The corporal notified Scotland Yard because he knew a woman named Beatrice Vilma Sutton had been murdered in her bedroom. Again Field talked freely. "This woman invited me into her home," he said. "I went in and put my hands around her throat and strangled her. When I was sure she was dead I put a pillow over her face because I didn't want to look at her. I'd never seen her before, but I just wanted to kill somebody."

Superintendent Cornish, very much aware of what had happened in court after Field had confessed to the Upchurch murder, made him tell every little detail about this one and re-enact every phase of it. When Field stopped talking Cornish had much more to go on in the way of facts than I set of circumstances and a confession.

The Sutton case went on trial in Old Bailey on May 13th, 1936—three years after the same man—frederick Field—had been tried and freed for the murder of Nora Upchurch.

This one looked like a sure conviction, but once again the accused man repudiated his confession. "I didn't kill that Sutton woman," Field said. "I did sleep there. After I dozed off I heard angry voices in another room. Then all was quiet. I went back to sleep and when I woke up it was still quiet. I went in the other room and found the woman stretched across her bed with a pillow on her face."

Frederick Field was trying the same thing all over again. But he was in for a surprise. Scotland Yard had failed once. They wouldn't fail again. Supt. Cornish had made the suspect tell every detail about the crime and re-enact it. They had him on every count.

The jury found him guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced him to hang by the neck until he was dead. An appeal was made, but promptly dismissed after the Lord Chief Justice had reviewed the evidence. English law says three Sundays must elapse between date of sentence and hanging. Field made the most of his time by writing to friends on the outside and asking them to come to see him. "I'm always in," he said in the letters that he sent.

The condemned man was, too, until they hanged him on June 30th, 1936.

Officially he paid with his life for the murder of Beatrice Sutton, but Superintendent Cornish, and the men at Scotland Yard were equally sure that he had killed streetwalker Nora Upchurch and many others of her profession. And, just as they were sure about that, Frederick Field took with him to his death the knowledge that perhaps Scotland Yard can make one mistake, but never two where the same man is concerned.





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I am perfectly conscious of the fact that the eyes of my escort are usually fastened on something other than my earrings.

So maybe it would be unfair, and just a little teasing of me, to deny that I know my 45 1/2 inch bust is a little bit unusual. Some of you wonderful guys who write me certainly let me know you think I have something unusual.

Therefore, it stands to reason that I should take certain steps to protect my endowment, doesn't it? If Dinah Shore can gargle to protect her voice, and Leslie Caron can wear especially made shoes to protect her feet, wouldn't you think I should do something to protect part of my

Which is exactly what I did a few years back, when it became apparent that I had the kind of figure that could make the aforementioned Mr. Dior blow his brains out. I wrote to Lloyd's of London and asked them to draw up a policy which would insure part of my talent for \$50,000. Maybe you've read about since. The ultra-gentlemanly gentlemen of Lloyd's were faintly stunned by my request, but they came through. Today I own the only Bosom Insurance policy from the world's largest insurance firm.

(I must confess I was somewhat disappointed that Lloyd's didn't send one of their handsomer emissaries over to America to investigate, first-hand, what they were about to insure. But then a girl can't expect everything.)

S HORTLY AFTER I discovered myself to be one of the most heavily insured girls in show business, I discovered also that I was on my way to becoming one of the most publicized, as well. Newspapers, magazines, and press associations made mention of the protection those nice gentlemen from London were giving me. A friend of mine told me, "Well Evelyn, you're all set. You've taken care of your bosom long enoughnow you can sit back and let it take care of you.'

That sounded unappreciative, though. If the maler members of my audience wanted to come to see what had caused all that furor, I decided, it was my responsibility that they would never regret plunking down their price of admission.

The cracklin's had been used to help develop me. Now I needed something to help maintain me. I hadn't been in show business terribly long, but I'd seen enough girls in the same line-with attractive equipment of their own-treating their endowments as if those endowments would always stay firm and beautiful. I saw the decline and fall of one of the most famous busts in burlesque, for instance, which convinced me that nothing should ever be taken for granted.

The owner of that bust was probably the top stripper of her time. She often practiced backstage, bragging, "Take a look at both of my meal tickets. They'll make the boys holler long after you girls are knitting socks for your grandchildren."

She was wrong. Her particular act, it seems; was to manipulate her muscles in such a way that one breast would rotate up and down as the other breast rotated down and up. It was a successful act; I could stand backstage and hear the men's full-steam appreciation.

Friends who recommended that she do something to guarantee a long life for a firm bosom, merely received her wrath. "I know what I'm doing!" she would sneer. "Don't you hear those screams from the fellows for more? They'll be satisfied for as long as I want to satisfy them.'

There is, of course, a sad ending to that story. The fellows didn't stay satisfied because she had been much too satisfied. She would take more than an hour a day at the dressing table, painting her lips and cheeks. But never a minute pampering her bread and butter.

She sagged. And so did the box office receipts.

I learned a good lesson. No such fate was going to befall Evelyn West.

MADE EVERY study available on the subject of Keeping The Bosom Firm. I was introduced to Gypsy Rose Lee who said, "Put ice on them; that's what I do and I've got no complaints."

Naively I blinked at Miss Lee. "Ice?" I repeated. "That's not for

"Oh?" oh'ed Miss Lee. "And why

"I'd hate." I informed her, "to keep them in cold storage for any length of time.'

It wasn't that I wanted to be rude to Gypsy. I was simply sincere in my abhorrence of what I could imagine only as a new kind of Popsicle. The idea certainly wouldn't have met the approval of my audiences. So it certainly didn't meet with my approval. (I'm the blazing fire, cuddle-up, warm-me-up kind of girl, anyway. I'm unhappy with coldness in any form.)

Another star suggested, "They stay in tip-top shape when they're rubbed in cocoa butter."

That, initially, sounded as though it might just be the answer. But that same star (notorious for her queer sex habits, and I do mean queer) let me know that not only would her prescription work, but that she would like nothing better than to show me how well it worked! If I would meet her that night after the final show, she would have a month's supply of cocoa butter there for me.

Needless to say, the cocoa butter method was not followed. From time to time, the thought has since occurred to me. . . "If only she'd been a male star. .

But I'm getting off the point.

One technique worked, I found, and I've been employing it ever since. Very possibly it won't sound to you like the most glamorous technique in the world-but I'm nothing if not an honest girl.

I believe in the Keep-That-Bra-On technique.

This does not include time spent on the stage, entertaining you. (I could tease the dickens out of you by refusing to take my bra off, all the way through my performance, but I'm not in any particular hurry to be shot at sunrise.) Almost the minute after I leave the spotlight and return to my lonely room, on goes the bra. And it stays on, all night long. Every night.

(If you ask me to swear to that "every night" on a stack of bibles,

you're nothing but a cad.)

Seriously, I find a good bra makes for the audience's rah-rah-rah. The brassieres I wear when I'm not working support me when I am working.

If you care for the welfare of your own, young lady, incidentally, it would be the kindest act you could perform if you delivered my keep em-firm prescription to her. An unattended bust is like an unattended chandelier-both can fall down and hurt you unless they're properly girdered. (It's conceivable that you may not appreciate her brassiere hook being constantly locked, but just remember she's doing it only for you.)

Oh, yes. There's one other little scoop, while we're on the uplifting subject of bras: I never wear a bra more than once. On it goes, it does its job, and then finds its way to the waste basket.

Extravagant? That young lady at your elbow will probably think so. And you, you spoilsport, you'll probably think so, too. I agree that my trash collector man is kept pretty busy, considering that there are three hundred and sixty-five days a year and therefore seven hundred and thirty cups to fill. But-and you must be getting the idea by now-I've got to keep my bust raised if I'm going to go on keeping your temperature raised. So my seeming extravagance does work out well in the long run. My spirits are high, the man in Europe who sends bras by the gross to me is kept busy, you're happy, and my trash collector man doesn't find his job particularly tedious.

Well, those are the ways, more or less, in which The Treasure Chest keeps afloat.

Any questions?

dogsled. At most there was enough for fifteen days for himself, two Siberian guides and the eight dogs.

Within two of those days, reaching Icy Cape, the voyager was forced to huddle tight to the natives and dogs in the streaked blur of the first blizzard. Even when it attained its peak density he feared it less than what was suggested by the mumbo-jumbo of the guides. Tilton had been warned against trusting them too far. Did they mean to await his sleep, steal the gear he'd brought along from the Belvedere? The sail he hoped to use on his sled, an ax, portable stove, medical supplies. Doubtless most enticing to them was the food, the most precious crutch and weapon against the ravages of the polar waste.

The captain soon tottered in his battle to keep awake. Once or twice he succeeded in bringing his head up again, and he saw they were watching him closely. Then his head fell for the last time. At one point in the following void the guides sprang at him with the axe and were virtually finished with hacking his head from his body, but he awoke from the dream to find them locked in lamb's sleep beside him.

ORNING HAD COME, the wind subsided somewhat. Tilton muttered a plea for their forgiveness and knew he'd share his last crumb with them if need came. Fresh courage inspired, he became more determined to buck whatever next would be delivered by the devil, here in his deepest pit.

The Utukok River curled in the lap of the cape, and the captain bellowed his team in its direction. Maybe it would offer level footing along its bank. He quickly learned that hope must be swallowed more cautiously. Hardly had the group prodded the river edge when, with the thunder of cattle in stampede, the colorless blanket gave way. Tilton reeled at what he saw when the countless running, crooked lines ceased separating huge sheets of ice. An earth gap stretched far into oblivion, more than would have sufficed to gulp his whole company.

A complete encirclement was necessary now just to touch land again on the opposite side. Yet this victimization apparently failed to satisfy the sadistic counter influence that meant to haunt the skipper for thousands of miles more. Before he'd pressed forward another hundred feet, in fact, the dogs began acting queerly. One fell away at the lead, squealing. An unseen hole had claimed him, impressing Tilton with the new source of doom: salt water ice, freshly formed, produced tricky variances in ice thickness like the black and red of a checkerboard, one safe, the other a trap.

The leader perceived a single means of progress now, though it was absurd to call it progress. With the axe he crawled before the first dog in the nerve-sapping chore of "feeling" every inch of surface, straining while prostrate, stretching a foot like a mouse a whisker. Again ill luck-the axe finally escaped his cold-numbed fingers, and the drink drank it. The trekker cursed. His body demanded that he give up. A piece of his conscience insisted otherwise: perhaps those stranded at Point Barrow would eventually starve to the last, despite his attempt, but God would know as well as he that their deaths were made more cruel through his selfcentered sacrifice of the hope they'd entrusted to him.

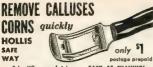
With an ice pick as substitute he kept up his cautious crawl all day and into the early black. At midnight he estimated his progress at a half mile, still he meant only sleep to interrupt it. Before morning could burst clear in the breast of the stark lains, he resumed the arduous nudge forward, and soon a bluish tint to the surface told him that land and not water began supporting the ice he designed to cover. Captain Tilton screamed fresh life into the chows and sped his group at constant pace into the glimmering horizon. When wind

burst strong hours later, he fashioned a sled sail from the Belvedere sheeting. The next day he figured he had absorbed another 25 miles.

As new sunrises came and faded with polar prematureness he coursed through an education that gave him an animal sense of survival against the worst that nature threw into his path. He learned how fast an Arctic pup can burn itself out, becoming as useless as ash; and though the captain openly cried with its loss, killing the chow and feeding him to his former running mates mustn't encroach on human fortitude. The cold was as savage as the country, if sometimes as still as it. It chewed at his face, seemed to congeal his blood clear to his wrists. His feet appeared replaced by shoefuls of ice. But because he was able to move on, he did. There were 200 white men back there.

THAT HIS LUCK couldn't be all bad—not relentlessly, anyway—was proven when his weary party struck an Indian village. At last here was the chance to bolster the slim food supply. The camp turned out de-serted. Doubtless the natives had gone on an extended hunt, for Tilton encountered neither women nor children. Search of their squat huts revealed the tribe next to starvation, but one house held an axe and the white man's eyes gleamed. His clutch was not rapid, however. "Stealin' will invite more bad for-tune ahead o' me." Shot had long been recognized as legal tender in the polar regions, and Tilton lay a





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box of shells in place of the ax. The implement would enable him to walk instead of crawl over any new acres of fragile ice.

Unknown miles more and the dogs pulled Tilton's company to the edge of an inlet, which added fair luck. Several days of stable footage eased the aching tautness from the men's muscles and left them more strength to combat the cold, to fortify themselves for the next hurdle. It came in the shape of an eerie landscape seldom taught civilization in fact or fiction: great picket fences of ice nestled in piles of glassy oversized boulders. No going around the mass obstacle, for the impenetrable range twisted miles to the right and as many to the left. Once more, figuratively inch by inch, the captain began hauling himself and the natives to a summit, then dragging up the dogs, gathering up the spilled cargo of the sled. Upright for twenty yards of clearance. Then again with the same gnawing strain, the stagger, the fall, the crawl.

A raw slicing gale burst forth at midday, sometimes flattening the men against the ice and at other times tearing their hands from hard-won grips in it. Captain Tilton estimated that it must be fifty-five below zero, for tears drawn by the hungry wind from his eyes froze to his cheeks, and saliva iced in the

cracks of his teeth.

When this agonizing obstacle to the skipper's plunge to civilization ended, native encampments came more frequent. He bargained for a seal whose odor was unbearable, yet hunger blocked his nostrils as well as those of the Siberian guides. Farther on there were natives who offered chunks of abandoned whale carcasses. Neither did the stink of these stop Tilton from exchanging trinkets and minor tools for them. Once another dog fell before the onslaught of a gale, and before he could cool Tilton ate of its raw flesh as voraciously as the guides.

No food remained in the sled after that, and as the latter licked hard at their hands there was grimness and perhaps fear in their faces. Some four days, they said, lay between the group and the next camp. Never once having lost sight of God, Tilten now began seeking Him with loud prayer. On the third day, "The merciful Saviour led us to a narrow dormant stream. There was a single giant cake affoat, and it came directly to my feet. It could only have done so under a Guiding Hand." It formed an ideal bridge across the water. "And lo, there less than a quarter-mile off the new bank plopped a fleet of the first ducks we'd seen."

In glee that was intimate with his tears, Tilton and his hungersped guides went almost as reptiles across the biting ice, fearful that the ducks-the last hope for foodmight flee. The captain reached tremblingly for one. They zoomed.



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His scream of disappointment was cut short by the crash of a gun. Five of the escaping flock plunked dead. When Tilton spun around he saw that, incredibly, one of the guides held the shotgun-stolen obviously from one of the villages and secretly hidden from the captain for fear of his reproach. Tilton offered none. He only remembered that his own gun still lay in the sled.

Soon, the guides promised, they would arrive at the first white-man settlement. The "soon" became battered by another raging blizzard whose endless wall of snow completely disabled the trekkers. Too abruptly in its wake came a clear but titanic gale that crumpled them further. Before several miles could be covered, snow resumed, but at least it permitted movement. And though the blur obscured a lone building before them almost until they touched its slippery wood, their enthusiasm for fairly hammering down its door belied the completely sapped bodies they took inside. The eyes of the tenant, a trader named Anderson, bulged.

"Where, by God, did you come from?" The civilized tongue, the warmth of the shack, were medicine to Tilton. He and his band thawed and ate with lust as he tumbled out his story. Anderson wouldn't believe it: "No man could walk a thousand . . the Lord knows, maybe more . . . in all that's out there, man!" According to the captain's later testi-"That trader bid us goodbye and good travel still unconvinced. I let it go at that."

HREE MILES SOUTH of the post, as Anderson had said, lay a whaling station maintained by a Captain Nelson. Surprisingly upon reaching Tilton found that his Siberian guides were drawing back, shaking their heads frantically. They refused to go farther; the whiteface was as safe as they now at the sta-tion and would be insane to move from it. They had brought him here; their conscience was clear. Captain Nelson heard Tilton tell of his plight and offered two of his own Eskimo guides, Tickey and his wife, Canuanar.

"But-a woman?" protested the whaleship commander. "She'll be as much a burdensome devil-lady to me as to any New Bedford skipper who ever was fool enough to take one down to the sea."

In reply Tilton got a helpless shrug. The two were all that Nelson could spare; furthermore Tickey would not budge without his mate.

Though Tilton looked at her without appreciation, and shortly was to curse her, his eventual emotion toward her was all gratitude. It happened when Canuanar became lost at the approach to a Swedish mission near Unalakleet. Tickey apparently believed her willfully absent and brooded, refusing to take another step at the leader's order. Both were promptly astonished

when she came piling up a trail with two white men. The Swedes spoke broken English, but the captain gathered that officers at the mission center included one from an Amer-

ican revenue cutter.

The ship turned out to be the Bear, the officer Lieutenant Jarvis. He and his companion, Dr. Robert Call who was engaged in Arctic exploration, were more easily con-vinced of Tilton's feat than Anderson had been. Matter of factly, they were heading toward the very Alaskan ice trap that imprisoned Tilton's former mates. Unknown to any of the latter, a whaleship had fled the same waters before the fateful freeze set in. Arriving in the States it had disturbed government authorities with the assumption that other whalers hadn't escaped, were locked in at Point Barrow. Only an assumption or not, the government had decided to act and Jarvis, with the doctor acting as guide, was in charge of a group driving a herd of deer as food for the Point Barrow victims.

The news heartened Captain Tilton. At the same time he realized what the lieutenant put into words: "It's a gamble. We may or may not get through-and then we may get through with too few surviving deer to feed all the men up there." It was important that Tilton do the best he could in reaching either Canadian or American officials to solicit adequate aid. Jarvis gave him a letter to Colonel G. M. Randall, of Fort St. Michael, explaining the whaling skipper's mission.

The latter received not only a cordial welcome but a new stock of food and supplies, two fresh dogs and \$200. He would need all this, the post commander warned. "The shortest distance south to the Kuskokwin River will throw a string of mountains at you. I'd suggest you try going around, or you may never reach the river."

"What'll it take to circle the hills?"

"On foot an extra week, less if the weather holds fair."

Tilton grinned. "I suppose I'm a dog for even hoping something about this whole thing could actually be easy. A choice between weeks, this way or that direction, doesn't leave me any choice at all. I can't waste time of all things.

Almost as quickly as he deserted the fort, the captain experienced the severest cold of the total trek; it surely fell to sixty or sixty-five below for even the marrow of his bones stung. The footing in the mountains was hardly less treacherous than the worst experienced to date. Yet relief, the chance to walk upright and gradually race the chows was granted by the Kuskokwin's bank. Southwest across relatively minor hills that emptied into the Nushagak River, Tilton found a small fish cannery whose manager became so impressed with the whaleman's experience that he gifted him with a



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pair of new dogs and a chart of the country pointing to Katmai.

It was the locale, opposite Kodiak, of the Alaska Commercial Company. Prior to leaving the cannery, he'd been told by his host, "You have come back to civilization." At Katmai. Captain Tilton was soundly impressed with the truth of that. Alaska Commercial's agent, an Isaac Herron, offered him and the Eskimo guides passage on the schooner St. Paul for Prince William Sound, two hundred miles down the Canadian coast. Steamers there would take him farther south. But the fare to the Sound? "Seven thousand—and I'm afraid you'll have to take it," insisted Herron. "You can't stay here for nothing, either."

Shocked, signing a contract for the passage, Tilton still was capable of a smile. "This, sir, is civilization without a speck o' doubt."

The rest dawned almost too uneventful, for the trouble-scarred mind and flesh of a man who had, as it became determined upon his arrival at Vancouver Island in British Columbia, compiled 3,380 miles afoot in five months and 22 days.

When he touched shore at Portland, Oregon rescue craft were already dispatched for Point Barrow. The captain dug into his money sack. "Out of \$395 dollars counted at the Point, plus \$200 received at Fort St. Michael from Colonel Randall, I had a naked fifty cents to my name. I paid it to a wagon driver for taking a letter entrusted to me by the colonel to the post office."

Representatives of a Portland whaling firm offered to return the Eskimo Tickey and his wife north on their next supply ship. Now Tilton wired a plea for transportation expenses to his native New Bedford, Massachusetts. The owners of the stranded Belvedere, William Lewis & Sons, telegraphed back, "You are an imposter, not Captain George

Fred Tilton who is with his ship. You could be Tilton only if you deserted the ship before she went into the Arctic."

Two rescue ships found all but a dozen survivors at Point Barrow. The near-emaciated men would have been fewer, save the kindness of native hunters who'd given them meat and taught them how to hunt more Months later the New Bedford seamen reached home to convince the Belvedere masters of the truth of Tilton's mission to civilization. The company mailed an apology to him, plus the offer of a new ship's command. Decades later descendants of the company's president sponsored the spiking of a memorial plaque to the wall of the Seamen's Bethel, the chapel made famous in the classic novel, Moby Dick. It tells you that the skipper who set a heroic record afoot was ". . . the first man who ever walked back from a whaling voyage."

#### YOU DON'T COUNT FOR A DAMN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

had to get there first, that was all I cared about.

It was getting darker now. I could see Private Ernie ten feet to my right all curled up with his M-1 and his little pile of iron pineapples. On my left was Bonin, his belt loaded with grenades, and his huge body half buried in the mud.

PFC Crow was behind me on a slight rise of ground with his Browning Automatic. And Corporal Pressman was up in a tree trying to keep a lookout. Pressman was the best scout I ever saw. He could smell them. He really had a nose for Nips. "They're getting ready, Sarge."

Pressman whispered down to me.

It had been a seven man patrol
when it was sent out to demolish the

am-tracs. And now there were only five. I didn't care about that either. It only took one to blow the amtracs to hell. It didn't matter which one got there to do it, only I didn't think Ernie had the guts to live much longer, let alone get a medal.

That morning the two Gook guerrillas had told us where the Jap machine gun was, the Nambu, and Lt. Holder and I had gone over there to get it because one BAR wasn't enough to stop maybe fifteen crazed Nips. So we went over to get the Nambu. The Gooks were cut to pieces. Holder crawled a quarter of a mile dragging the Nambu before he died with a hole in his chest big enough to rum a fist through, and I brought it on in from there.

I didn't want to waste that Nambu after what Holder had done to get it. Wait it out, I'd thought, make them get worked up and charge in over the water. That would leave the way clear on into the Valley where the am-tracs were. The Gooks had spotted that other Nip party going for the am-tracs to salvage that ammo and 100 octane, and those bastards weren't going to get it. I headed the patrol now that Holder was gone, and the Nips weren't going to salvage that ammo and octane.

Three times Pressman had to come down out of the tree. His diarrhea kept him jumping all the time. I tried to concentrate on the agony of my foot ulcer to keep my mind off the Nips, but I couldn't take the chance of taking off my shoe.

Ernie didn't have malaria, yellow jaundice, foot ulcers, diarrhea and fungus rot yet. I didn't figure he'd be around long enough to worry about those honors bestowed on hardy vets. I didn't feel sorry for him. I didn't feel anything for him. Pressman did though. He was always dropping a comforting word Ernie's way, giving him a smile. I had a vague memory of a time when I would have felt the same way.

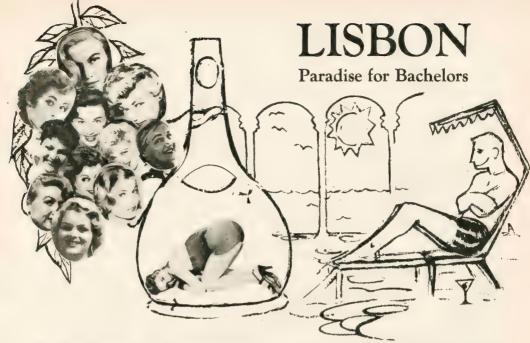
It got darker. The moonlight moved a little higher. The vapor began to crawl in around my emplacement. I heard Bonin whisper across to Ernie. "Hey, honey chile, they're comin' to get us now."

"I'm ready," Ernie squeaked. And then he whispered it over and over how he was ready.

"They'll come in," Bonin said, "screaming and crazy, loaded down with satchel charges, and grenades hugged to their chests and they'll dive right into us and blow themselves and us all to hell!"

(CONTINUED ON PG. 50)





### A Bawdy Baedecker

MAN'S ADVENTURE Presents A Guide
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#### by Mack Reynolds

TAKE YOUR PICK, Mister—How would you like to hang out with royalty? Do your drinking at the Wonder Bar standing next to ex-King Zog of Albania, or possibly Farouk of Egypt? Do your swimming on Estoril's beaches along with grand duchesses, countesses and such? Or would you prefer to stretch out what little dough you've scraped together for your vacation abroad and settle down for a couple of months spending no more than twenty-five dollars a week?

Come to think of it, you won't have to take your pick. You can do both in Lisbon and its vicinity at the same time. You can have an apartment or house complete with a servant or two to run it, and you can spend your time living it up in some of the swankiest atmosphere anywhere. And it doesn't have to run you over a hundred a month.

It's no mistake that the dethroned nobility of Europe has made a bee-line for Lisbon. They've been used to living high on the hog all their lives and Portugal is one of the few places left in the world where you can do it on a shoestring.

Let's take it from the beginning and work our way down.

Absolutely cheapest way to get there from New York is by taking a Compania Nacional de Navegacao ship, tourist class, for \$150 minimum. The Home Lines will charge \$160 for the same trip, possibly a little more comfortable. If you want to go quicker, the airlines running to Lisbon will soak you \$364.40 one way. There's some talk of this last being lowered, check with your travel agent.

Once in Lisbon you've got to make a decision before we get into the meat of this article, the wine, women and fado. Are you here for a week or two or a few months?

If it's a short time, a hotel is your best bet either in Lisbon proper or in nearby Estoril, the beach town. If it's for a couple of months or more, you'll want an apartment or house.

Portuguese hotels run from here to there in price. You can stop at the Avis for about forty bucks a day for two, everything included, meals, tips, drinks. A former castle, the Avis is one of the top hotels of the world. Four servants for every guest.

At the other extreme you've got the Pensao Esplendida and the Pensao Morais both of which charge s basic 40 escudas for room and three meals a day including wine. That's \$1.40 or \$42 a month.

There're hotels for any taste in between. For \$2.50 a day in Lisbon you can live in a pretty nice place with all meals and wine.

If you'd rather stay out in Estoril, handy to swimming, gambling, wenching, and such, you'll find the luxury class Estoril Palácio starting at \$4.20 a day, for room, meals and wine. And you'll also find the Pensao Royal and the Pensao Avenida both of which charge \$1.75 for the same thing.

But if hotels aren't for you, if you want an apartment or house where you can put up a guest, preferably female, for a weekend, (Continued on page 64)

#### "MY GREY HAIR IS A NATURAL LOOKING COLOR AGAIN" says JAN GARBER, Idol of the Airlanes

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"Knock it off." I heard Pressman whisper down at Bonin. "Now, Corporal," Bonin

"that any way to speak to a buddy? "I'd rather play toesies with the Nips than be in the same regiment with you," Pressman said. "Leave

the kid alone or the Jap'll never get a chance at you." "Don't think you ought to talk to

a buddy that way," Bonin grinned. "Quiet," I said. "Something's breaking there."

"I'm ready," Ernie whispered. "

"Sure you are, kid," Pressman said. But Ernie was shivering, and I figured he'd never make it. And even if he did, I figured he'd get nothing out of it but a psycho sur-

Then I heard the water moving softly out there in the gray soup. A jungle bird squawked. I worked at the Nambu for the hundredth time, getting it set in solid, but the mud wasn't solid. I told Pressman to come on down.

His dark slim body seemed to glide down and he dug in with his

M-1 ready.

The insane screaming exploded and the grenades lobbed in and we were throwing them back and the air blew wide open. It sounded like a thousand of them yelling and screaming and their half naked bodies materialized out of the vapor, shining in the moonlight, streaming water and mud and the bayonets flashed down

They were naked living bombs, hugging grenades and loaded Saki bottles, and satchel charges, their bodies heavily strapped with corsets of death. But they had to get past me and my Nambu first, and I swept the fire back and forth and watched them fall, and I was cutting them to pieces with rapid fire.

I cut them in two with the Nambu and watched them scream as they leaped up out of the vapor and fell into it again like bubbles in a thick stew. And then the Nambu jumped out of position and I didn't have time to set it in again. I was yelling for the others to cover me. I heard plenty of noise from Bonin's BAR, but nothing much on my right. Behind me, Crow was giving them plenty of hell with his Browning. But Ernie had either got knocked out, or had curled up and called it quits at last.

The Japs were in close. One of them was big, he looked like an Imperial Marine, maybe six feet tall, and stark naked except for the satchel charge he hugged to his chest, and he was looming up maybe four feet away, screaming with his face all twisted in the moonlight.

The gun clattered and ripped back and forth as the bodies piled up. I saw the pineapple go over and it blew up right behind me and I thought I heard Crow scream. The concussion knocked me to my knees. I began to feel my hands blistered from the hot barrel, and hot shells were searing my chest as they were ejected from the gun and in underneath my jacket.

It was quiet. God it was quiet standing there. Nothing is so still as that. The water lapping against the dead, and the bodies moving a little and you're putting another round into it so that it won't move any more. And then even more quiet .

They were done, all of them, all those Nips without a name. They hadn't figured we had a machine gun and now they wouldn't ever figure anything again. Behind me then I heard the low choking sound that rose and broke in a scream.

"They got Crow," Pressman said. I kept on listening to make sure about the Nips.

"It clear now?" I heard Pressman

"I guess it is," I said.

Crow's yelling sounded full of bubbles. It seemed to move me a little, trying to get under my skin. I started hating Crow for trying to make me forget about the am-tracs. "He got the bottle grenade right in the belly," Bonin said. "He's cut wide open."

I climbed back out of the vapor, took Bonin's BAR and fired a round into the Nambu's jacket to ruin it, and gave him back his Browning. Bonin wasn't looking at Crow. Crow was almost done and there wasn't anything anybody could do. Pressman was trying to use battle dressing but Crow's entire torso was wide open. It was like trying to stop up a water main. Crow was trying to cry out again, but he couldn't.

Bonin was standing over Ernie, grinning down at him. Ernie was sitting there, rocking to and fro, his face covered. He was crying in spasmodic shudders. "You didn't fire one goddamned shot, did you, honey chile?" Bonin sneered. "You little chicken-gutted bastard!"

Ernie just cried.

"Get up," Bonin said. "Get up!"

I went over to Crow.
"He's done for," I told Pressman. "Don't waste that first-aid stuff. Somebody may need it."

Pressman went past me and up close I could see sweat running down through his dirt-encrusted beard. And the way his eyes were shining, Pressman always looked like he was filled with some kind of horror when the killing was over. He would never get calloused to it. I knew that, but he was a good Marine and he would be able to live with it.

Ernie was hanging in Bonin's hands and shaking and crying and Bonin started slapping his face. And the kid started screaming like a girl to Bonin to leave him alone.

Pressman jumped in and I saw Bonin's barrel body stiffen up and Ernie fell back onto the muddy ground. Walking up there I could see the trench knife right up tight against Bonin's spine.

"Hell, ain't we buddies?" Bonin

said thickly

"You stink too damn much,"

Pressman said, "I can't stand it any more. I'd rather be buddies with a

dead Nip than you.

I shouldered my M-1 and started wading down into the river and the vapor oozed in around me and I felt all alone. We had maybe five more miles yet to go before we hit Death Valley where two whole Companies had practically been wiped out and the am-tracs waited.

Already I had forgotten what Crow had ever looked like, or whatever he had said that was supposed to have made him different from any

one else.

"Let's go," I said. "Come on, Pressman. Save that crap 'til we get the am-tracs. We're short-handed the way it is."

But I didn't look back. In a way, I didn't care whether they followed me or not. I knew none of us would ever get back to the regimental CP and it didn't matter if only one guy got in to where the am-tracs were. I figured if anybody got there it was supposed to be me anyway, so the hell with them. The only thing was if we hit Nip stragglers or some patrols, I needed some cover

But one guy with one hit on those am-tracs was all that was needed. All that ammo and 100 octane, it

would go sky-high.

Halfway across the river, up to my armpits in the stinking stuff, a Nip's hand touched me and the way the water moved it, it seemed to be waving at me from the bottom of the river. I flung it out of my way and as I started on across with mud up to my knees I heard the others splashing after me.

I knew we were all as scared as Ernie was. Pressman included. And Bonin in particular. Bonin was more scared maybe even than Ernie was. And Bonin figured if he could just keep pressuring Ernie enough, keep little Ernie crawling and blubbering all the time it would save Bonin's face. Ernie could live with his fear, bad as it was. But I knew Bonin would crack wide open if he ever showed his.

Bonin had been like that all the way across the island, badgering weaker guys when he wasn't killing Nips. Pressman had it too, only he showed it in his way. I didn't give a damn just so we got those am-

When we took a breather once, I lay there and thought about them hunched in the rubbled field of Death Valley, waiting to blow skyhigh. That's what I was there for, and there wasn't anything else in the world anywhere. No more Barbara lying next to me with her lips open and wet and her soft body twisting in the dark. I couldn't even remember what the hell she was like any more than I could remember Crow, or Holder, or Collins, or any of the others. No one could ever name them all.

Pressman had to stop now and then because of his diarrhea, and

once Ernie fell down and lay there and insisted he couldn't go on because he kept getting sick and throwing up all the time. Every time we passed a dead one he had to throw up. Bonin kicked him until he stood up and moved on ahead like a zombie. Pressman was off in the leaves when Bonin did that.

Ernie came on up and walked beside me and his face was greenish

Once, way off on the other side of the ridge toward H&S Company I saw some star shells go off like pretty fireworks, and way off so far it didn't sound real anymore, the Navy guns still shelling some emplacements on the shore.

"Why is it like this with me, Sarge?" Ernie whispered.

"I don't know." I said.

"Oh God, I hate myself now." "You'll settle down if you live long enough, Private.'

"We going to live long, Sarge?" "I doubt it. But once we knock

out the am-tracs, it won't matter. "Why do I feel like this?" "You're scared," I said.

"Don't you have anything to tell me, Sarge? You've seen a lot of it. Did you ever feel this way?"

I tried to remember. "I think so." I said. "Something like that."

"But you got over it?" "Either that," I said, "or I just got too numb to care. If you're in here long enough, there's not a hell of a lot left for the Nips to finish off. Just remember, Private, you don't count for a damn. Forget about yourself. The hell with you and me and Bonin and Pressman and all the rest. We don't count for a goddamned thing. When you really feel that's the way it is, when you know you don't count for a damn anymore, then you're okay. Then you just go along killing Nips until the Nips kill you. and after that you know you don't count for a damn. Only thing that counts now is for us to blow up those am-tracs."

Private Ernie dropped back and we went on until we found the boggy road E and K Companies had used to come up and used to go back out again, out of Death Valley. The jungle started thinning out and the lonely road in the moonlight wound next to the high rocky ridge, jagged and full of caves and blasted bunk-

We went past the shattered halftracks, and the blasted bunkers, and once a Nip tank buried in the ground with just the turret sticking out that they had used for a pillbox.

Ambush breathed from that ridge, but I just kept walking because now I figured time was all important, and we were almost there.

We passed a pile of burlap rice bags with bloated bodies lying behind them. The road started down then, and I could see Death Valley like a big mud puddle stretching out and shining in the moonlight, all full of silenced howitzers, low-lying field guns, and machine gun pits.

Pressman came up, his M-1 over his shoulder. "They'd be coming in close to the am-tracs by now," he said. "I figure the Nips are almost there too.

I nodded. They had had plenty of

We passed a half-track with onetread knocked off by a hand-planted land mine, and twenty feet away a Jap lay dead where he had been hiding to knock off the poor guy who tried to get out of the tank. Only someone had shot half of his head off, or maybe it was shrapnel. I didn't know.

They hadn't named it Death Valley just to be cute, and that island was one Death Valley after another

all the way across.

As we came down into the leveler stretch I could see the three shadowy hulks of the am-tracs waiting out there about five hundred vards, bogged down, knocked out with a grenade that had gotten the treads, but hadn't set off the ammo or the 100 octane.

"There." Pressman said.
"I see." I motioned the others down, and over there to the left, filing down the ledge between the flat-topped trees, I could see the line of Nips moving and they were almost as close to the am-tracs as we

"All right," I said. "Spread out and start running in there. Rapid fire, Bonin, and the rest of you keep firing and yelling like hell. They won't know how many of us there are, and they'll probably dig in until they find out.'

We did that, and I was firing as I ran. I could see the am-tracs waiting for me as I kept on running and yelling, and I could hear Bonin's Browning clattering like hell.

I heard Pressman yell out that the Nips had dropped down, dug in. By then I figured I was close enough and I hit the dirt and jerked a grenade up. One direct hit on the amtrac would blow them all up.

"Lob it in there for God's sake," Pressman yelled.

I was way on up ahead of them, and I was up on one knee, but I couldn't seem to get the grenade off. I guess I was afraid to throw it. because once those am-tracs went up, what the hell reason would I have to be out there? It was a funny, crazy thing to think about right then.

Then I got the idea, This idea of booby-trapping the tractors and leaving them there that way for the curious Nips to play with. Maybe I wanted to keep the game going a little longer, like the game was all there was and nothing else left in the world.

I waved the others up and told them. Bonin nodded heavily. Blood was running down the side of his face and he held his hand flat against his ear. Pressman looked at me oddly, then shrugged.

Ernie yelled out all at once, "No." he yelled, "we got to get those amtracs!" He sounded like he yelled it because he had to yell something, and that was something he was supposed to yell, and then he was up and running forward, a wild leaping kind of run, yelling all the time.

I heard the reports from the Japs' .31 caliber Arisakas. Ernie went down and didn't move again.

"Let's crawl on in now and set it up," I said. "The kid's probably done for."

Bonin stopped me. "I'll fix it," he said. "Booby traps are my specialty,

Sarge. You know that."

He looked like a big alligator twisting away toward where Ernie was, and then I could barely see him moving up ahead. "He can booby trap it all right," Pressman said. "That's his specialty.

Some specialty, I thought. "How

long?"

"Maybe ten, fifteen minutes. He'll

wire in some grenades."

I figured the Japs would stay low a little longer, not knowing how many of us there were, where we were, or whether we were going to blow up the am-tracs. They probably guessed we were an advanced patrol and that we were interested in salvaging that gas and ammo the same as they were.

"Where the hell are those Nips?"

Pressman said finally.

"They won't go away, Press." "I'll take a stretch over that way," Pressman said. "I'll take a look.

"Go ahead, Press. I'll see you get the Medal of Honor."

Pressman grinned tightly at me and touched my arm. "It's okay, Sarge," he said. "There are all kinds

of ways to say goodbye.' After a while I couldn't see him crawling, and then I couldn't hear him. But I could tell the direction he was going and judge just about how fast, so that I knew when the machine gun bursts began and I saw his body jerk up into the line of moonlight and crumple down again. Maybe it was thirty, forty yards

away, but I heard him yell, once.

"Sayonara," he said. It was the Japanese for "this is goodbye to you," and that was Pressman's way of saying it. Formal bunch of guys, the Nips were. And Pressman was a crazy duck.

Bonin's face was smeared with blood as he crawled up to me, and I could see the white fat lain bare along the side of his face like white

pork.

"It's fixed, Sarge. I fixed it good." "And Ernie?"

"He was dead. So I used him."

"You what?"

"I used Ernie." Bonin was grinning and his face had a crazy leer. "I slid him into the turret and booby-trapped little honey chile. They'll have to move his body to get inside, and when they do! They gonna blow themselves into chicken broth!"

"You used Ernie?"

"That little yellow bastard, now I guess he'll have done something for

the Corp."

I stared at his wild beefy face and then thought the hell with it. Ernie was dead anyway. Bonin cracked, but so what? Certain kind of psycho cases don't get surveyed, they make the best fighters. They can figure up the clever ways to set up booby traps and things like that.

And then we heard it, that faint

cry from the am-tracs.

"Sarge . . ." it called. It sounded a hundred miles away, but then the word filtered to us again over the moonlit mud. "Oh-Sarge-

"He isn't dead, Bonin. "I swear to Christ-

"You said he was dead." "I know damn well-"

"You knew he wasn't dead, Bonin. You put him in there knowing he wasn't dead."

"Honest to God I didn't know. Sarge, would I booby trap a buddy when-

He was raising himself up on his hands and knees when I shot him with my M-1 right in the head. I'd been killing Nips for three years all

the way from Guadalcanal with not as good a reason as I had for killing Bonin

I started crawling in toward the am-tracs. I had to get Ernie out of there, but I couldn't figure how to do it, what with him booby-trapped in there on top of 100 octane and live ammo.

It seemed to be a long way over there. I could hear the Nips jabbering over on the other side and I knew they were filtering in close, very close.

I circled around a little, keeping the am-tracs between me and the Nips. I heard Ernie cry out several times. Once I thought I could see his head up above the turret.

The closer I got, the farther away his weak voice seemed to be.

I crawled up next to the am-trac and I could see Ernie's arms hanging down toward me, and see the shining gray mask of his face. I could feel his blood on my hand as I reached up there.

"Hold on now, kid. Just hold on

a minute."

When I raised up, his face was close to mine. He was grinning a little, and he looked calm except for the abnormal bright way his eyes shone at me. He looked old and tired, but not scared at all.

"I guess I've settled down, Sarge,"

he whispered.

"Don't move. I'm getting you out of there, kid."

"I'm not moving right now, but you are. You're moving that way. Start running, Sarge, because in one minute I'm going to move."

"Ernie, just hold still, and I'll get you out."

"You can't. Nobody could do it, and anyway you don't have time."

"The hell I can't!"

"They're coming in. Hear 'em coming in, Sarge? Run, please run, because I'm going to move, I'm going to trip the grenades." 'Ernie-

"Run," he said, more weakly. "I can get 'em, Sarge. I can get 'em all." His hand started to lift itself up,

so I turned and started to run. That was the way Ernie wanted it, and it was his world as much as mine.

I was still running when it went up. The concussion threw me thirty feet through the mud and then I was up and still running toward the jungle. The sky was suffused with orange-red and the sky kept blasting and blasting, and it seemed to burst all over the world in a great sheet of flame.

I kept running, then I was walking again, wading the rivers, plodding on through the moonlight. Sometimes I still try to remember their names, what they looked like, some of the things they said.

But I can't very well, even now, and then I couldn't at all, and I just kept walking and knowing it wasn't a good idea to think about anything else but getting back to the regimental CP.



#### CHINA SEA RAN RED ... WITH BLOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

and the urge to understand himself and his fellow man.

I was the third officer.

The Van Cloon's route, 4,288 nautical miles, was the China Runfrom Belawan Deli to Penang. Singapore, Hong Kong, Swatow. Amoy and then back to Belawan Deli.

The convicts were herded into Number 1 and Number 2 holds on the foreship. A gate in the starboard alleyway separated them from the midships and aft portions of the ship. When we were under way, the gate was shut securely and carefully locked.

We were barely out of sight of Belawan Deli when blood flowed. Passengers on the aft deck were fighting furiously to defend themselves. With other off-duty officers, I raced to the chartroom and seized a long rattan stick, the "nightstick" of the Orient. The aft deck was a madhouse; fat merchants and businessmen screamed for help; husky plantation workers cursed and fought for their lives with the sav-

age prisoners. Rattans cracking against heads and shoulders, we officers waded into the struggling mob. The convicts gathered in a little group and fought us off for a few minutes, but we took the fight out of their leaders and the others very quickly

quieted down.

"I don't like this," said Chief Lagerway. "It never happened before."

"But I was told there are many fights when convicts are aboard," I answered. "This wasn't really a bad fight."

"No," the Chief admitted, "it ended soon enough. But, for the first time in my memory, prisoners have banded together in an attempt to loot the passengers. Usually, one or two prisoners tries a little petty thievery, but this is the first organized raid I've ever seen. I don't like it."

The next day, when we arrived at Penang to pick up coconuts, charcoal and firewood, Captain Schlette asked for police protection. A few Malay policemen came aboard, spruce in their khaki uniforms and black caps and childishly proud of their rifles. The convicts sulked, but made no trouble. The police left us when we cast off the line and sailed for Singapore, 380 nautical miles away.

Little more than twelve hours later, we saw trouble shaping up at Number 2 hatch. Groups of convicts gathered . . . one man haranguing each group in a loud, agitated voice. All the speakers pointed repeatedly at the bridge. Before long, the speechmaking was inaudible because the prisoners were screaming

and shouting with far too much noise and hysteria to hear anything but themselves.

Corten-he had the 1200 to 1600 watch—took a precaution for which I was soon grateful. He had a water hose stretched out with the nozzle close to his hand and a quartermaster stationed at the water valve ready to act.

"Watch them every minute," Corten warned when I relieved him.

"They're getting ugly."

For an hour the shouting continued, growing louder when I leaned over the bridge forerail to get a closer look at them. Without warning, several convicts rushed towards the alleyway gate. I seized the hose nozzle and shouted out the order to the quartermaster on duty, "Turn on water!"

The nozzle bucked and kicked in my hands as the water spurted out under 65 or 70 pounds pressure. The convicts were taken by surprise. Most of them turned their backs to the powerful stream of water and ran for shelter. Those who tried to defy the water soon fled when I aimed the hose at their

This will take the fight out of them, I thought. They soon showed me I was mistaken. Something flew through the air, missed my head only by a few inches and smashed against the bridge deck. It was a heavy wooden rice bucket that could have crushed my head with

A moment later the air was filled with buckets, stools, pieces of wood and metal, with anything they could throw. I was a sitting duck. I couldn't keep them all under the stream of water. I had to aim the hose at the gate where the convicts were congregating to prevent them from smashing it open.

All I could do was crouch in the shelter of the bridge rail and keep moving to make it harder for them to hit me . . . all the time aiming the hose at the gate. My arms and shoulders were soon bruised by the rice buckets and wood scraps that hit me

Captain Schlette and several officers dashed to the bridge and the sight of all those white uniforms quieted the prisoners. One man in uniform was a target, but a uniformed group broke their spirit. They ran like young hoodlums at the first approach of the local police-

Chief Lagerway discovered the lock on the alleyway gate had been smashed. Only the water hose had prevented the convicts from overrunning the ship.

APTAIN SCHLETTE ordered a new Clock installed on the gate

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and he also ordered storm planks fitted across the starboard and port foreship alleyways as added protection. When the prisoners saw the deckhands fitting the huge storm planks across the alleyways, they screeched and cursed in every Chinese dialect I ever heard . . and in a few that were new to me. But they made no attempt to interfere with the working parties and the huge planks were soon assembled and installed.

For a few hours, all was quiet. Then a group of some 35 prisoners dashed out of the hatch and rushed the gate. Many of them carried iron bars. They had raided the awning locker. The bars had been used to hold up the awning ribs and had been stowed in a locker when the Number 2 hatch awning was dis-

mantled.

By the time the quartermaster turned on the water, the convicts had battered the alleyway gate to splinters. I aimed the hose at the shattered gate, but I couldn't watch to see how effective it was because they started throwing things again and I had to duck behind the rail to keep from being brained.

"Get the Captain." I ordered the quartermaster as I ducked a heavy stool. "Get all officers . . . chop,

chop."

When the Captain and the other officers appeared on the bridge, the convicts did not halt their attack. Instead, they found more missiles to throw. The Captain and his companions joined me behind the bridge rail.

"Some of you get down to the gate," Captain Schlette ordered. "Don't let them off the foreship."

The prisoners shrieked and screamed like men gone mad. They pounded on the storm planks with iron bars. With rattan sticks in hand, the officers raced from the bridge to stop them. I did not think it possible, but the noise from the convicts increased. They were howling like animals. An officer staggered up to the bridge and reported "They've broken through the storm planks. They're fighting with the officers."

"Verdoemanis," Captain Schlette muttered. "I must not risk the ship further."

He pointed his revolver at the foreship and fired slowly and deliberately into the group of convicts. Whether his shots killed or wounded anyone we never learned. The convicts were in such a blood frenzy that we dared not go among them to search for casualties or even for cordses.

"Perhaps I should see if anyone needs help," the ship's doctor, a Chinese, said to the Captain . . . but he didn't sound enthusiastic about the idea.

"Nonsense," Captain Schlette replied. "They'd tear you apart. I must protect lives, not throw them away."

During this brief conversation,

the convicts halted their attack. There was a moment of stunned silence and then they ran for shelter. Just in time, too, for the few officers who were trying to prevent them from rushing amidships were bloody, bruised and almost totally exhausted.

"Rig a steam hose in the alley near the gate," Captain Schlette ordered. "If they try to get out again, we'll give them steam instead of water!"

The Captain paced the bridge calmly while the engineers rigged the steam hose. They were still at work when he ordered Ah Tjan, the compradore, to the bridge.

"Find out what they want," the Captain ordered. Ah Tjan shouted several times . . . but there was no answer from the prisoners. Again and again he called and at last a convict's hoarse voice answered him sullenly.

"Ask him why they fight," the Captain ordered.

The compradore shouted the question and we listened as the hoarse voice came back in reply from the darkness of the foreship hold. It was a voice raw with anger, quivering with hate, shrill with the threat of murder.

"He say they want go everyplace, all place in ship." Ah Tjan translated. "You say no, they fight . . . kill Captain and all officers."

"Tell them they must stay where they are until the end of the voyage," the Captain answered calmly.

The compradore relayed the answer in muavering voice... and was answered by a chorus of curses and threats. The prisoners shrieked and raved, but the Captain waved his pistol and they didn't try to attack the gate...yet.

The Final assault came a few minutes later without warning and in deadly silence. The convicts poured out of the hatch and raced for the alleyways where the splinters of the storm planks littered the deck.

"Turn on water," Captain Schlette shouted, "Turn on steam!"

The steam valves hissed malevolently; the water hose spouted its powerful stream ... and we crouched ready to leap at anyone who came through the cloud of steam and salt spray. There were screams of rage and pain as the convicts stumbled into the clouds of scalding steam, but none of them came through it. They retreated.

"The next time they come," said Captain Schlette, "only bullets will stop them . . and we have only four rifles and one revolver!"

I was given a rifle and a handful of bullets and was ordered to stand guard on the starboard side of the bridge. Lagerway and Corten also were stationed on the bridge with rifles. The fourth rifle was given to the chief engineer so he could defend his engine room if necessary.

"Fire at anyone who comes out of



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the hatch," Captain Schlette ordered. "Shoot to kill . . . we have no choice."

As the light faded, the Captain ordered floodlights rigged on the bridge so that they lit up Number 2 hatch.

"Give her all she can take, Chief," he ordered the engineer. "Tell the radioman to send an SOS," he added to Chief Lagerway.

The radioman soon reported with a message from S'pore. "Cannot send help," the harbor officials reported. "Get ship this port soon as possible. Police will be waiting."

"That's a big help!" the Captain said snorting. "Well, let's make a run for it. We'll see what blows up first . . . our boilers or the tempers of our foreship guests!"

We raced through the night with the decks throbbing beneath our feet as the engines labored at top speed. Suddenly, the white glare of the floodlights became rosy and the night seemed filled with thousands of fireflies. Was this a nightmare? No, the ship was on fire!

The heat of the tremendous fires in the furnaces had ignited the heavy accumulation of soot in the funnel. We raced through the night with flames belching from the funnel, spitting sparks all over the ship.

"Bring up all hoses . . . spray all awnings . . . wet down the lifeboat covers," the orders followed thick

Seamen were ordered to beat out sparks which started fires on deck. Four hose squads raced over the ship, spraying all canvas in sight . . . even on the foreship. Now and then a piece of canvas blazed up, but the hoses soon doused the flames. The engine-room was ordered to slow down a bit and before long the fire burned out.

The flames frightened the convicts so much they didn't move from the Number 2 hold. They were letting us save the ship so that they could take it away from us at the first opportunity. We didn't give them the chance. We were on the alert all night. When a small group tried to rush for the alleyway gate. the hissing of the steam hose halted

If only they realized how helpless we were. There were only ten of us with four rifles and one revolver . . . and there were 600 of them. We could have killed many and still there would have been hundreds left to tear us apart. But no one among them wanted to be the first man to die.

At 0800 the following day, we dropped anchor in S'pore harbor and a detachment of police-bearded Indian Sikhs-came out in a special launch and were posted on the foreship. The port authorities refused to land our prisoners and refused to arrest their leaders as mutineers.

The Captain reported by radio to the KPM headquarters in Batavia and the Van Cloon settled down to port routine. Cargo lighters came

alongside; Chinese longshoremen swarmed aboard; the terrified passengers fled the ship; and we loaded and unloaded as we had done hundreds of times in the past . . . except that bearded Sikhs stood guard on the foreship.

On the second day of our stay in S'pore, the SS Rumphius arrived from Belawan Deli with a detachment of the Royal Netherlands Indies Army, some 25 Ambonese with a sergeant and a Dutch lieutenant. They relieved the Sikhs and remained aboard the Van Cloon. Armed with rifles and kelewangs, short swords, they pulled no punches when the convicts challenged them.

As soon as the Van Cloon was out of sight of land, the prisoners resumed their attack. Heavy rice buckets flew through the air as they attempted to disable those of us on the bridge. But the Ambonese raced to the foredeck with their rifles and kelewangs and the mutineers were soon subdued.

Instead of battling us, they fought among themselves as the ship plowed north toward Hong Kong. One night when I had the midnight watch, a noisy battle started in the prisoners' hold. I heard the screams of beaten men. Suddenly, it was silent. I heard a voice on the foredeck and a splash off the starboard bow. The splash did not alarm me because at all times of the day and night something is being thrown off. a China run ship at sea.

At Hong Kong, the immigration officers came aboard to check our passenger list. When they came to the foreship, we found that instead of 597 convicts-three had died in S'pore-we had only 580. We searched thoroughly, but found no trace of the missing 17 men.

"Di mana itoe orang?" I asked one of their leaders. "Where are the men?"

"Barang kali djatoh di laoet," he said grinning. "Maybe fall in the water.

It was a hot day, but I felt a chill down my spine. Suddenly, I knew the significance of the splash off the starboard bow the other night. The prisoners' leaders finally confirmed my fears. It seems they had been gambling heavily and when a man welshed on his bets or could not pay, there was a fight . . . with the loser's life at stake. The man who lost the fight was simply tossed overboard!

Seventeen men had thus been callously murdered between S'pore and Hong Kong!

Police officials in Hong Kong refused to let the convicts leave the ship, but at Swatow the officials were not so particular and we drove the convicts off the Van Cloon and set them free in their native land.

With the Ambonese on guard, we knew they would not dare return aboard. When the last convict scuttled off the dock, we sighed with relief

The mutiny was over.



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#### BLACKMAIL?-NO. IT'S TREASON

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

walked down the street on top of the world, he was approached by a

"Pardon me, but aren't you Dan-

nv Wright?"

"Yeah. I'm Wright. But I don't believe I recognize you. I'm sorry, but

"That's OK, Danny, I didn't think you would recognize me. But aren't you the Danny Wright who used to be in the -th Infantry, stationed outside of -- Germany?"

'Why sure, feller. You're not one of the guys in the old outfit?"

"No-sorry mister, I'm not. It's something else. How about stopping by for a cup of coffee with me. I think I have a proposition that

might interest you,

Ten minutes later came the pitch. Comfortably seated in a small booth in the cafeteria, the stranger hauled out a picture and passed it to Danny. It showed a scene in a lovely Berlin apartment, Danny's face was as clear as crystal. So was the face -and figure of the sweet, innocent young girl. What they were doing must be left entirely to the imagination, but what the scene did to Danny, now, was equally and sickeningly indescribable.

"You can keep the shot, if you want to, Danny," said the stranger. "We've got plenty more. By the way, how'd you like to have your wife see it . . . and the neighbors? Like I say, we've got lots more of

the prints.

Danny just gasped. He said later that he felt like punching the man's face in-but what was the use. Instinct told him that he wasn't facing a single foe.

"Now if you'll just cooperate, Danny . .

The spiel was as old as the world. If you'll just cooperate!

Cooperation this time, working for the Reds, spying on his country, committing treason against

his native land.

But this time the Commies picked the wrong man. Approximately an hour after the events just described. a contrite, \*trembling and very frightened Danny Wright was sitting in an office with an agent of the FBI, telling the whole painfully old story.

What happened after that is beyond the purvue of this article. It belongs, and rightfully, in the secret files of our nation's best protective

force.

Needless to say, the FBI pursued this new lead to the end of the trail. This was a facet of the investigation that they could get their teeth into. But the facts were not new. The FBI had known all about this technique. And for years they have been fighting it. If all victims were as brave as Danny, this nation would have little to fear.

All over Germany, the beginnings

of a hundred thousand scenes like this, are originating every evening. Day by day, soldiers, not only Americans, but those of every single allied nation, are falling into these vicious sex traps. And hour by hour. in these swank apartments in Berlin, in Hamburg, in Hanover, in a hundred different cities and towns. Red agents squat behind concealed cameras, recording for posterity and blackmail the sexual lapses of our soldiers.

How is this awful business organized? Actually it is set up in two ways. First there are the girls. They are carefully recruited, exhaustively trained, and thoroughly supervised. They are drawn from two sources, from among the prettiest, sweetest-looking, complacent, and least-moral of the German prostitutes-girls who will sell their souls. as well as their bodies, for hard, commie cash-and from the hardcore Red cadres of any and all of the several satellite nations of Eastern Europe.

Anna-for example, was a Czech girl. A Communist since her teens, she had been useful enough during that period when the Reds were subverting the old republic. But once victory was organized, her lack of intelligence became a drawback to party advancement. She was pretty, willing to do anything for the party. and thoroughly devoid of a moral sense. She loved baubles and she loved praise. Her bosses gave her an opportunity to get both.

Brought easily to East Germany, she slipped over into West Berlin and disappeared into that vast morass of nameless people that make up the underworld and half-world. Outfitted by her "contacts," she was set up in an apartment, closer to a princess' dream world than anything she had ever before dreamed pos-

sible

"This," she was told, "is your re-ward for your fine work. You can keep it, for as long as you like. All you must do is your party work, and that work is to act the part of a prostitute."

Sex for the sake of the party was old hat to Anna. She had "comforted" the party faithful, on demand, for years. She had used her body for communist conspiracy in the period when the reds were plotting the overthrow of the Benès government. If this was the task that could best serve her fanatical friends, Anna was only too happy to serve.

LULLI, ON THE other hand, had no political motivation. Orphaned during the war, she grew up in the tough, unprincipled world of postwar Berlin. Every scrap of bread she ate, was the result of scheming and plotting. She first sold herself at the



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years her senior.

She owed allegiance to no one. He who paid the bills was master—for exactly as long as the money kept flowing. And whatever she received —she still wanted more . . . and more.

When she was approached by the Reds with their fantastic proposition, her only inquiry was "how much." They told her, and even she whistled in long-drawn-out appreciation. It was three times as much as she could ever have earned on her own. She permitted herself to disappear for six weeks. No one missed her. She went to espionage school in East Germany. She studied hard. She was being well paid for it.

it.
"By the time she reappeared in West Berlin, the old Lulli had been totally changed. She had an object in life, now! And she followed through with a devotion to duty known only to those who have suffered for years, before achieving

success

These girls, Anna and Lulli, are only two out of hundreds of similar cases. Their histories are known. But in substance the facts relating to their pasts are typical of the overwhelming majority of women working this vicious racket.

But if the women play a part, a big part in the operation, what about the rest of it, the other half of this international treason cartel?

Well. from here on the girls fade out of the picture. The dirtiest half of the deal is men's work, if you can call the evil lice who take part in the filthy business, men.

In actuality, there is a large, complex, heavily organized group of communists, who do nothing except handle the details of this far-flung series of operations. Merely to list the jobs, is to chart what amounts to an underground army. In each apartment there must be cameraman, soundman, and light grip. Then there must be legmen, to get details as to the identity, military unit and specific job specification of each GI caught. There is a complete postal unit, to transmit the information gathered, both to the nation of which the soldier is a native, and to Moscow.

In the home country of the victim, the United States as far as we're concerned, there must be another investigation service, taking in every state in the union. There, details of the victim's homelife must be gathered; address, marital status, family, wife's name, children and job. These must be evaluated for possible espionage use. And finally, a group of contact men must be kept busy at the actual task of laying on the blackmail.

At the head of this ring for many years, was Dr. Hans Hartig, a native-born German communist. A short time ago, the headquarters of the outfit was discovered and raided by Military Intelligence. Hartig was captured after a wild automobile chase. Taken to prison, he at first resisted all attempts to make him talk, although we were aware that he, more than anyone else, knew all the details and all the ramifications of the plot. Put back in his cell, he was found the next morning, hanged. He had taken this way out, rather than reveal what he knew.

The rest of the captives were guarded far more thoroughly, after that. But, so de-centralized was the operation, that between all of them, only the names and locations of seven traps was discovered.

Our allies as well are being caught in this trap. An example is the case of Sapper John Whitcomb, recently tried at Aldershot, England, for treason. Whitcomb, the son of a British Army major, was a member of the Royal Engineers. He spent a little time, while on leave in the German city of Hanover, visiting

some extremely complacent frauleins. Back home in England, he was confronted a few months later by a series of photos, depicting his ac-

uvittes.

Whitcomb, newly married, panicked. He fell in with the Red plans. He became a spy against his own country and for a time worked hard to supply the communist espionage system with their demanded payments. Gradually, the criminal activity outweighed, even in his own mind, the horror of the photographs. He knew that he was in so deep, that there was literally no way out for him, in England.

He attempted flight. On his next leave he took a visa to Scandinavia, and from there attempted to go, by way of Finland into Russia. Only among communists, could Whitcomb now find any hope of a future. To his own country, he was a totally lost soul.

His flight failed. He was arrested and brought to trial. Then, not only his treason, but the entire set of circumstances that he had worked so hard to hide. came out—finally.

Panic is what the Reds count on. They know that any normal man, if given a chance to think the thing through, will never commit treason against his country. But they know also that in the very first moments, when the pictures are first shown, when the threat of exposure is first made, the man will be under a momentary state of shock. He will make promises, and perform actions that he will later regret.

By then it is usually too late. The ex-soldier, or returned GI is trapped. He has already committed an act of treason or espionage. The penalty for his crime is now so high that it is this threat, rather than the original slip, that can be used to keep him in line.

The communists even use this technique against their own soldiers. They are only too well aware of the

enormous well of discontent that exists in the hearts of their so-called allies. They have seen how the Hungarian Army reacted to the opportunity to get rid of Communism.

So, they happily supply their "friends" with women. The girls are SO sympathetic. They grumble and grouse about "conditions." They encourage the "visiting" soldiers to tell them all their troubles, their problems and their discontents. And all of it is carefully recorded against the records of the gamblers. Those who complain too loudly, are often listed as deserters. At any rate, they're not seen again. Where they go, only the Russian rulers know!

Of course that rarely works against the Russian soldiers. They are too uncivilized, too unsophisticated and too ignorant of what good conditions actually can be. They know only the semi-feudal, peasant's life that has been the Russian's lot for centuries. But the Bulgars, the Roumanians, the Czechs and the Poles know. So do the East Germans. They have all lived under a civilized society. And that very fact is an exploitable weakness as far as the masters of the Kremlin are concerned.

The BIG QUESTON of course, is what can be done about this awful situation. Naturally, if the nation was populated by Danny Wrights we would have nothing to fear. But the big fact is that we're not. Only one man in a thousand had the intestinal fortitude to go and report his own weaknesses to the FBI. The rest will, at the most make a confession to wife or sweetheart, and at the least, cooperate to some extent with their commie blackmailers.

Most of all, we want to capture the Red cache of dossiers. If we can find out which Americans are on the commie lists, we can take steps to protect them against that inevitable day of the showdown.

The pictures, themselves, are small potatoes, as such. The FBI, and the Military services are well aware that it is impossible to keep our men away from German women. They are going to play around, and no power on earth is capable of stopping them. But that is where the business ought to end. And that is where it would end, but for this unexpected complication.

We know that with proper educational techniques a full and reasonable explanation can be made to the families of these GI's. We know that awful as the photographs may appear to be, they are far less horrible than treason and espionage. If blame attaches to the sinning soldiers, the blame is far better put on war, and cold war, than it is on the breakdown of a moral code.

And of course, every American serving in a foreign land, must be constantly on his toes. The most casual involvement with a German girl may well lead to disaster.

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Harriet Kuzniewski was bored with an "ordinary" job when she sent for our talent test. Once convinced that she had the makings of an artist-she started to study art at home. Soon she was offered a job as a fashion artist. A year later, she became assistant art director of a big buying office.

#### Pipe-fitter to Artist

John Busketta is another. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company - until he decided to do something about his urge to draw. He still works for the same company-but as an artist in the advertising department. At a big increase in pay!

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a major automobile company. Now he helps design new car models!

#### Salesgirl, Clerk, and Father of Three Win New Careers

A West Virginia salesgirl studied with us, got a job as an artist, later became advertising manager of the best store in Charleston.

John Whitaker of Memphis,

Tenn., was an airline clerk when he began studying with us. Two years later, he won a national cartooning contest. Recently, a huge syndicate signed him to do a daily comic strip.

Stanley Bowen-a married man with three children, unhappy in a dead-end job-switched to a great new career in art. Now he's one of the happiest men you'll ever meet!

#### Profitable Hobby - at 72

A great-grandmother in Newark, Ohio, decided to use her spare time to study painting. Recently, she had her first local "one man" show-where she sold thirty-two water colors and five oil paintings.

#### Cowboy Starts Art Business

Donald Kern-a cowboy from Miles City, Montana-studied art with us. Now he paints portraits and sells them for \$250 each. And he gets all the business he can handle.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she started studying with us. Now a swank New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

How about you? Wouldn't you like to trade places with these happy artists?

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1 from 11 Trial Sent TRAPPING

LYBEROOK, NEW YORK

Naturally it is almost impossible for him to tell whether or not his picture is being taken or his voice recorded by a hidden camera. But, so long as he knows that the possibility exists, he is that much more prepared mentally for what may come. He will be that much less prone to give in when the awful moment of revelation comes.

When he suspects anything, no matter how trivial, about a girl or a setup, he should immediately report the facts to his Commanding Officer. A well-timed raid can not only protect his own future and the futures of other innocent victims, but may also uncover an important link in the Communist espionage apparatus.

We discovered through the brainwashing techniques, that knowledge is the best defense. Those who were the most ignorant of America, its way of life and its aims, were those who were most easily broken. It's an old adage that "knowledge is power." We must make use of that. So long as Americans know exactly what they're facing, they are able to bear up under the worst conditions. Surprise must be avoided, at all

So, perhaps you were in Germany. Perhaps, too, you "relaxed" one evening, in a sumptuous house of pleasure.

And perhaps all the while, you were being photographed!

If so, you can be fairly sure that some day, when you least expect it, a stranger will approach you in the street.

Sure it's blackmail. Of course it's "dirty pool." Still you'll have to face it. The weasel mouth will put the question to you.

YOU GOING TO HOW ARE ANSWER IT?

#### I'LL NEVER MARRY A VIRGIN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37)

way, what they obviously did, and do, with other boys.

Perhaps you think that I run with a particularly wild crowd. Judge for yourself. I belong to a fine, community, young-people's association. I date a good many of the girls who, like me, are members of that organization. We come from fine and respected families in town.

I've met most of the girls I know, at my club. Among the members, it is practically a rule of thumb that if a girl doesn't go to bed with a boy after the third date, it merely means that she doesn't particularly care for him, and it's time for him to look elsewhere. I know that if I haven't obtained any physical manifestation of love by that time, I don't date the girl further. The other fellows act exactly the same way. THUS IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR A GIRL TO EVEN GET TO KNOW A BOY WELL ENOUGH FOR MARRIAGE UNLESS SEX PLAYS AN IMPOR-TANT PART.

Yet many marriages have taken place between members of that club. Almost invariably, it is between a boy and girl who in the past have each done considerable dating with others. Remember, marriage comes after falling in love. Before that enchanted state is reached, both boy and girl are completely free. And they act free. Believe me! I know what I'm talking about.

Possibly you may think that the girls I know do not make fine wives and mothers. They do. While naturally I can only speak from the limited experience of my age, I can say that of the twenty or so couples I know personally, who have been married for periods up to ten years, there has not been one single case of divorce. Most of the couples have children, some many children. Yet since the day their vows were solemnized, not a word, not a thought

of wrongdoing has touched them. Not one of them!

In that I agree, we are an unusual group. It is rare to find such a perfect marriage record in any social unit within this country.

A LL of THIS is merely a set of cir-cumstances. They are facts, not causes. Yet there are sound and solid reasons why virginity can be a positive drawback to courtship, and thus a hindrance to marriage.

First, a virgin is normally far more timorous when it comes to love, than a non-virgin. Frankly, she always has her virginity on her mind. She can't concentrate. She can't relax. She's so worried about seduction, that she sees a "line" in any ordinary conversation. She sees a "technique" in any plain suggestion that we be alone. She's afraid of seclusion and privacy. Not trusting herself, she doesn't trust you, either. Knowing that she is suppressing her own desires, she is always wary lest you are not sufficiently suppressing yours. She is so positive that you're 'after something," that she's ready to jump back after the most casual kiss.

Secondly, and from a purely practical and down to earth point of view, by and large the virginal girls are usually the least desirable and the least attractive females in any group. They keep their technical status of purity, not because of any particular attitude of virtue or morality on their part, but rather because they have rarely been given the opportunity to lose it. Fellows don't try to "make" them because they aren't interested. Speaking generally, these are the women nobody wants, the leftovers, the wallflowers, the uninteresting and the sexless. The competition for women, and it is a race of sorts, is the hunt

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for the best of the species. The value of winning is the personal satisfaction that one receives in gaining a prize away from others. To speak honestly, who wants a girl that no one else wants? If she's not good enough for any other fellow, she's hardly good enough for me!

Thirdly, there is the matter of personal enjoyment. Perhaps it sounds fine, in theory, to think that a girl, carefully conditioned against any remote enjoyment of sex before marriage, can overnight change completely, into a boiling hellion, merely because of a legal action, or any other moral permission. It's not true, as any doctor can tell you. The psychological barrier, erected over the course of a full lifetime, can take years to dissolve, and sometimes never departs. And, on those occasions when it is broken down, it takes a lot of careful, special consideration and care by the husband, to accomplish this.

I've no great desire to act as an unpaid psychiatrist to my bride. Certainly I'm not demanding that she come into marriage, prepared to give me a course in mental treatment. Yet somehow, the current crop of marriage counsellors have come to the conclusion that women are something especially delicate, requiring kid-glove treatment. That's bunk. I'm a human being and I expect to marry another ordinary human being. I expect and am prepared to undertake compromise, the give and take of a marriage union. But I'm not prepared to see myself cast in the role of teacher, father-and doctor to my mate. I want to take her as she is. That's the girl I'm marrying. And I fully expect her to come into my family unit with the same outlook.

Fourthly, there is the matter of the double standard. My attitude regarding this goes right back to my last point. I believe in a marriage of equals. And, by equal, I mean exactly that. I think that women, as a part of the human race, are entitled to the same privileges as the male portion of the species. And notethey have the same responsibilities, as well. It's a part of the American way, to grant that equality.

It goes without saying, that I give, without reservation, to the woman of my choice, the right to the same pre-marital experience that I have had. What right have I to demand virginity in her, when I definitely will not bring that exalted station on my part, to the union? It's expected to be that way, for men. No one complains in the least of any fellow who "sows wild oats." Why then should they profess to feel shock at a girl also sowing these same oats. Who do they think that the fellows are sowing with, anyway?

So let her have her fun. Let her do as she pleases, before marriage. Let her tell me her prior adventures, or not. That's her affair. All that I demand is fidelity AFTER

marriage.

BUT, YOU MAY wonder what about all those girls who do live according to the old-fashioned code. To my way of thinking, they're an anachronism. They're living in a great big dream world of the past. They are defending something that's not worth the effort, not even half the effort. Their so called purity is totally meaningless, since 99% of all fellows don't bother their heads about the matter. One expects the non-virgin, these days, and being mentally prepared for the fact, any other situation is a matter for a shrug-and a dismissal.

Millions of men marry widows or divorcees. The rate of divorce in this nation, coupled with the rate of remarriage, proves, as nothing else can, the lack of importance that the American male places on virginity. Certainly no man, marrying a woman whose second mating this is, even considers the matter of virginity. It doesn't exist, and he knows it with a certainty that permits no doubts. Yet it hasn't stopped these re-marriages

-far from it.

One always suspects, to a large extent, the passion potential of a virgin. In the back of my head is always that gnawing doubt that perhaps the reason she hasn't had sex experience is because she has no real desire for it, has no true enjoyment of it, is of such a low order of excitement, that it might require a major task force to arouse her. And that's not the kind of woman I'd want to have as MY wife.

I've said an awful lot about what I don't want. Now, how about just a few statements on the positive side. The kind of a girl I want is the kind who knows how to enjoy living. She'll be a girl with an ordinary upbringing, like mine, and with a similar education. She'll have an identical outlook, and companionable hobbies. She'll be a girl who generally thinks as I do, and with whom I can have fun. She'll be prepared to take on her share of responsibility, and who will want me to take on my share, too. She'll want her own home and children. She will, in short, be the average American girl.

In sex, as in other things, I'll want her to be on a par with me. It's no great pleasure for one member of a family to be ahead of the other, in any field. I know full well that I'm nothing special in the way of being a sex expert. Any married couple has outdistanced me by a million miles. Just the same. I'm not starting from scratch. Neither will my wife.

I have no intention of "throwing up her past" at any girl I marry. Nor will she be throwing up mine, to me. We'll both be in the same boat, right from the beginning.

The very fact of having a "past" is a sign of maturity. Sex is a normal appetite, and a normal person treats it in the same way as he or she would treat any other. I certainly would not expect to marry a girl who had never eaten or drunk. who'd never slept or breathed, who'd never walked, run, played, been sad or happy. Why then should I expect a woman who'd never in-

dulged in sex?

I want my woman to know what she's doing. I want her to know and understand everything that goes into marriage. Cooking, sewing, buying clothes or groceries, and keeping a house clean are only a part. So is that mental, emotional and mystical love that we talk so much about. There's another factor that goes into marriage-the sexual one. No marriage is complete without it. She must know that facet as well as she knows the others. She must be normal enough, and human enough, to desire it as strongly and overpoweringly as I do. I want it that way as hard as I can. That's why I say, "I'll never marry a virgin."

#### LISBON, PARADISE OF BACHELORS (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49)

or throw a wingding for friends picked up on the beaches and at sidewalk cafes, you've got it made.

BEST DEAL is to do your house hunting in those small beach towns between Lisbon and Estoril. A fast electric train runs every hour between the two and there are a score or more of stops along the way. It costs about 22c for the half hour ride, so you won't lose there. At one or the other of these fishing towns

gone tourist, you can locate a place for twenty dollars m month and up. The and up is according to you. You can rent a palace if you want, but not on that hundred dollars a month budget.

Servants are practically free by our standards. You can locate a good all around girl for \$7 a month. A really good cook will bring twice

To locate a house go to any of these towns and sit around in one of the cafes until you strike up an acquaintanceship with one of the local British-American colony. A new face is always an event in the community. They'll bust an arm helping you to get settled and invite you to half a dozen cocktail parties while doing it.

You're not going to believe this, but for the record its going to be possible for you to throw one hell of a house warming for twenty bucks or less. We're talking about the

works. A little fado band, say three pieces. Half a dozen varieties of drinks from Portuguese Champagne to beer. A dozen different kinds of hors d'oeuvres running from roast suckling pig sandwiches to prawns fried in olive oil. Say for twenty to

thirty people.

If you don't like to throw parties vourself but would rather attend the other guy's on the theory that it's less trouble, don't worry about getting m reputation as a free loader. Nobody cares in a country where food and drink are so cheap. It's a rare day when there aren't three or four parties going on within a radius of half a mile if you're living on the Portuguese Riviera.

Once located in hotel or house, we can get to the real necessities of life. the wine, women and fado we were

talking about.

The wine isn't any problem, Bacchus knows. Little Portugal turns out two of the six great wines of the world. Port and Madeira are only rivaled by Champagne, Sherry, Rhine and Tokay. On top of that, Portuguese brandy is excellent and dirt cheap and even their beer is better than usual. Beer in a bar will set you back about 17c for a mug holding roughly a quart or 12c a

You might not think yourself a wino but here's a must experience that can be had only in Lisbon. Right next to the national tourist office you catch a cable car for 20 centavos, seven tenths of a cent. Take it to the end of the line where you'll be confronted by the Port Wine Institute building. Inside is a bar where you can sample between two and three hundred varieties of Port.

Before entering pick up a sack or two of roast chestnuts from one of the street vendors. The nuts will cost another 20 centavos (Practically everything is cheap in Portugal!) and you eat a couple of them between glasses of Port to clear your

taste buds.

A four ounce glass of Port will be from 9c to 85c a glass and you're going to be drinking something that only the filthy rich can afford at home. Wines served here could easily go fifty dollars a fifth in London or New York. We don't mean that cheaper genuine Ports can't be found for as little as \$5 in U.S. liquor stores but now we're talking about vintage stuff that might have been laid down when Adams was President of the United States.

Portugal has its regular table wines too. Whites and reds for daily consumption at your home will cost about 13c a liter (a little more than a quart). It doesn't take any time at all to pick up the habit of drinking a white wine with your soup or fish courses, red wine with the meat, and winding up the meal sipping a Port.

A few quick words on eating out before we discuss the female of the

By law in Portugal wine must be served free at every meal. The law specifies a good wine at that. Be sure you get it. There's no law so far as we know about the size of the portions you're served at each course, but they invariably turn out to be the largest anywhere in Europe. You can founder yourself on a meal that costs less than m hamburger would in your home

Salt cod is the national dish (called bacalhau) and they have at least a hundred different ways of preparing it. It's good, Portuguese style, take our word for it. Caldo verde soup is another specialty and tops. If you're a sea food fan don't miss santola, hot stuffed crab. Barbecued suckling pig is another must.

OW AS TO the women. Portugal is one of the most straitlaced countries anywhere. Your chances of meeting a nice Portuguese girl and dating her are exactly nil. But we assume you have comparatively little interest in meeting a nice Portuguese girl.

Bad Portuguese girls are more available

In fact, if you'll stroll along the streets of the Alfama, the old section of town, and particularly along the Beco do Azinhal you'll have to brush the bad girls off like dandruff.

Trouble is these bad girls make their living being bad girls and expect to be rewarded financially for their attentions. This however is a small problem since nowhere are wages lower than in Portugal, even the wages of what some folks call

A very emphatic word of warning here. No contraceptives, rubber or otherwise, are for sale in Portugal and prostitution is illegal and the girls not medically inspected. This adds up to as high a VD rate as you can find in Europe.

However, all is not lost. Although you aren't going to be able to meet any nice Portuguese girls, you are going to be able to meet scads of "nice" girls from England, France, Germany. Scandinavia (you've heard about the Swedes!) and other

European countries. And this time when we say nice girls we mean it in the nicest sense

of the word.

The fact of the matter is that they come swarming down from the north with a couple of weeks or so of vacation to spend and gleams in their eyes. Thousands of them come alone without menfolk to stand in the way of a quick romance with an American looking for the same.

Loaf around on the beach at Estoril or Cascais, have a cognac at one of the sidewalk cafes, in either town. If you haven't had your pick of blondes in half an hour you're either over sixty-five or look like Frankenstein's youngest. And since it's Estoril there's a good chance that your gal friend might have a title of some sort or other, especially if she's a permanent resident.

This is going to be another hard thing to believe but one of the cheapest places to take your date, before getting to the real business of the evening, is the casino in Estoril. One of the swankiest in the world and far surpassing those in Monte Carlo and Nice, it's still cheap. Always supposing, of course, that you don't start supplying her with chips for the roulette tables.

Drinks at the bars, even the famous Wonder Bar (Where Kings Drink!) are moderate. A bottle of local beer is 17c and German beer 63c. Portuguese cognac is less than 20c a shot. Try Constantino. Scotch and other imports are 50c and up. You can spend the day at the

casino, at least from afternoon on since it doesn't open until three. Entrance cost is 5 escudas (17c) and there is dancing, movies, a dining room, bars, a floor show and a tournament room with bridge, chess, etc. Most of all there's the gambling rooms. No craps, yet, but all the roulette and baccarat you can shake a stick at. Smallest chip is 5 escudas and, Mr., if you're on that hundred dollar a month budget stay clear of the gaming room unless you have a much better system than we have!

Sports (besides women) in Portugal?

Everything from mountain climbing and skiing to the full assortment of water sports including skin diving. And even if you don't care for Spanish bullfighting you might take in the Portuguese variety. mounted rejonador fights his bull from the back of precision trained horses that make Texas cow ponies look like truck horses. Pretty exciting. The bull isn't killed as in

Which brings us to song, since we've covered wine, women and re-

lated matters.

Song in Portugal comes under the head of fado, local equivalent of Spanish flamenco, French chansons or American jazz. Fado is on the tear jerking side. A Portuguese isn't really happy unless he's crying into his Port over unrequited love or some such.

To hear the real stuff you'll have to go into the native quarters and to the so-called "typical" restau-rant-night clubs. Tops are the Adega Machado in the Bairro Alto region of Lisbon, the Parreirinha in the Alfama section and the A Tipoia. You can eat if you want of the typical Portuguese dishes or you can order drinks and sit around and listen to the singing waiters and the guitarists. You'll probably wind up the evening, along with everybody else, singing the choruses.

One last tip before you head for Lisbon. Learn the Portuguese word Obrigado. It means thanks and you'll be using it before you leave because you're going to have the best damned vacation you ever heard about!

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#### By ED MITCHELL

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BON! Carbon that robs your car
of a much as 20 vital horsepower
every time your engine fires!
Now, wipe that filth away. And

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Now, wipe that filth away. And look at the Firing Point itself.

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it actually ELIMINATES
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#### HERE'S PROOF! Users Report Fantastic New Mileage -**Breathtaking New Power!**

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A BOSS MECHANIC SAYS A BOSS MCCHANIC SAVS:

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much as 20% in some cases. For the boys
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"J.C., Mappolie, Arbanea,
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"Your pings have been in my case asor

J. C., Magnolia, Arkanen:
"Your plags have been in my car ace
for three or four months, and I must
say it's running better than it ever did
before, and I san getting a lot better
mileage out of it. At least as much as
the 18% you claim.

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"Just completed record run from Chi-cago to Indianapolis City limits. Marvel-ous plug performance, increased cruising speed." V. G., Indianapolis, Ind.

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MAKE OF CAR	YEAR
MODEL	NO. OF CYLINDERS
NAME	
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CITY	ZONESTATE

CHECK HERE AND SAVE MORE! Enclose check or money order and we my all postage and handling charges. You save as much as \$1,06]

# WILL YOU SPEND \$2 TO SAVE YOUR HAIR?

How many hard-earned dollars have you spent to save your hair? How many hair tonics, gadgets, restorers, electrical devices, have you tried in the last few years — with no success? How many times after an unsuccessful hair-growing attempt have you sworn not to spend another cent on another hair treatment?

Yet, you buy the next product that comes on the market with hairarowing claims.

Stand in front of a mirror, take a long hard look at the top of your head. What have you to show for the money you spent on hair restorers? Do you have as much hair as one year ago? Do you see any signs of new hair, or new hair growth? Why the failure?

CAN YOU GROW HAIR?

Doctors who have spent a lifetime studying hair and hair growth have concluded that nothing now known can grow hair on a bald head. So, if you are bald, prepare to spend the rest of your life that way. Accept it philosophically and quit spending hard-earned dollars on hair growers.

If you can't grow hair — what can you do? Can you stop excessive hair loss? Can you save the hair you still have? Can you increase the life expectancy of your hair? Probably. Please read every word in the rest of this statement carefully, since it may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual BALDNESS.

#### **HOW TO SAVE YOUR HAIR**

Itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, very dry or oily scalp, are symptoms of the scalp disease called seborrhea. These scalp symptoms are often warnings of approaching baldness. Not every case of seborrhea results in baldness, but doctors now know that men and women who have this scalp disease usually lose their hair.

Seborrhea is believed caused by three parasitic germ organisms (staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, microbacillus). These germs first infect the sebaceous glands and later spread to the hair follicles. The hair follicles atrophy, no longer can produce new hairs. The result is "thinning" hair and baldness.

Many men and women suffer needless worry and heartache as they peer into the mirror at their retreating hairlines. Worse, they suffer needless loss of hair because today seborthea can be controlled—quickly and effectively—by treating

your scalp with the amazing scalp medicine called Ward's Formula.

## DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

In seconds, Ward's Formula kills the three parasitic germ organisms retarding normal hair growth. This swift germicidal action has been proven in scientific tests by a world-famous testing laboratory (copy of laboratory report sent on request). Ward's removes infectious dandruff, stops scalp itch. brings hair-nourishing blood to the scalp, tends to normalize very dry or oily scalp. In brief Ward's Formula corrects the ugly symptoms of seborrhea, stops the hair loss it causes. Ward's Formula has been tried by more than 350,000 men and women on our famous Double-Your-Money-Back Guarantee, Only 1,9% of these men and women were not helped by Ward's and asked for their double refund. This is truly an amazing performance.

Why not join the men and women who have successfully ended their troubles? Treat your scalp with Ward's Formula. Try it at our risk. In only 10 days you must see and feel the marked improvement in your scalp and hair. Your dandruff must be gone. Your scalp itch must stop. Your hair must look thicker, more attractive, and alive. Your excessive hair loss must stop. You must be completely satisfied—in only 10 days—with the improved condition of your scalp and hair, or simply return the unused portion for Double Your Money Back, So why delay? Delay may cost your hair.

Ward Laboratories, Inc., 19 West 44 Street, N. Y. 36, N. Y. @ 1956

Doctors and hospitals can obtain professional samples of Ward's Formula on written request.

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City. Zone. State

Canada, foreign, APO, FPO, add 50%—No C.O.D.

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